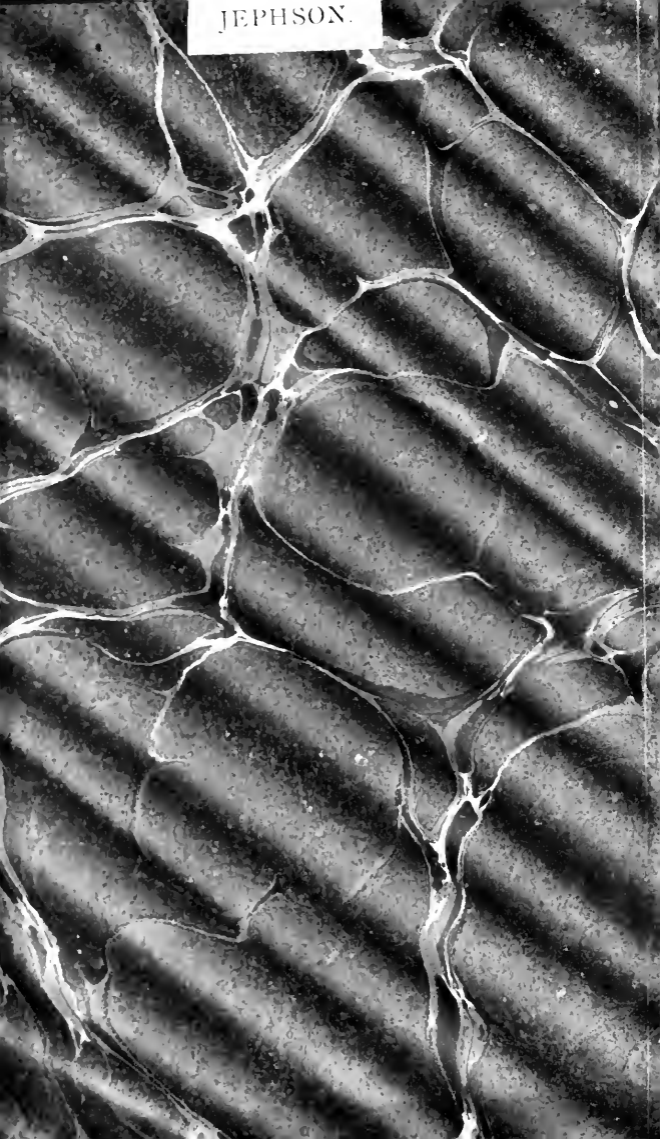
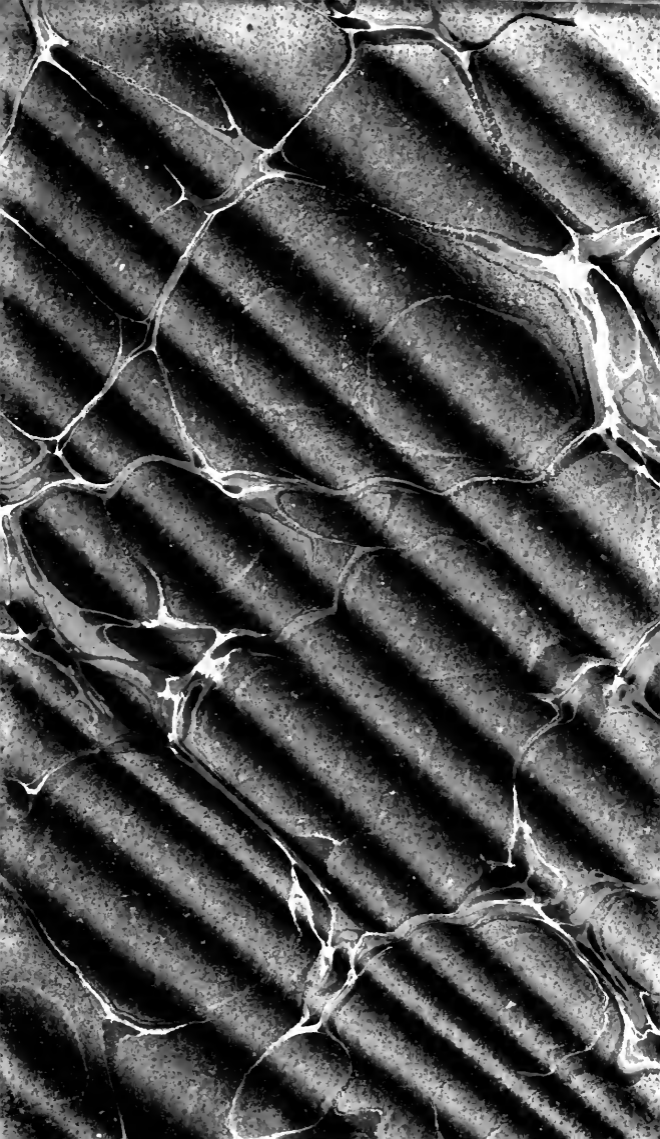


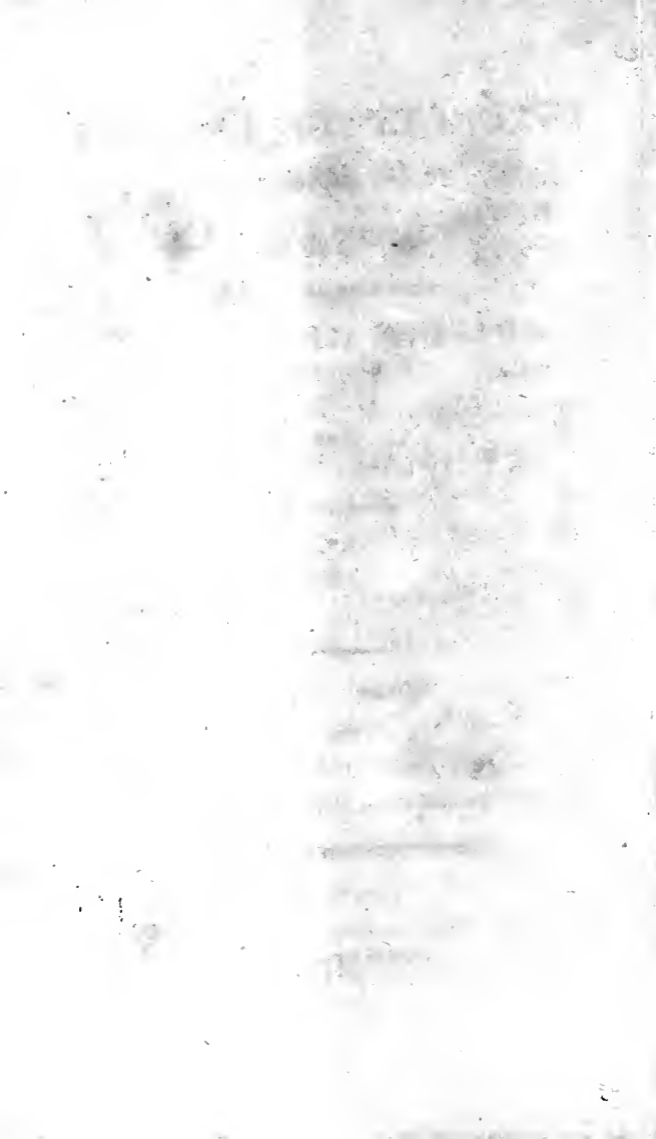
JEPHSON.











LE
M8244

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

Twopenny Post-Bag.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

BY

THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus cecidère tabellæ.

OVID.

Sixteenth Edition.

WITH

A NEW PREFACE,

AND SEVERAL ADDITIONAL POEMS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. CARPENTER AND SON, OLD
BOND STREET.

1818.

148393
14 | 2/19

PR

5054

IG

1818

DEDICATION.

TO

ST—N W—LR—E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W——E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could

have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality *, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge

* Ariosto, Canto 35.

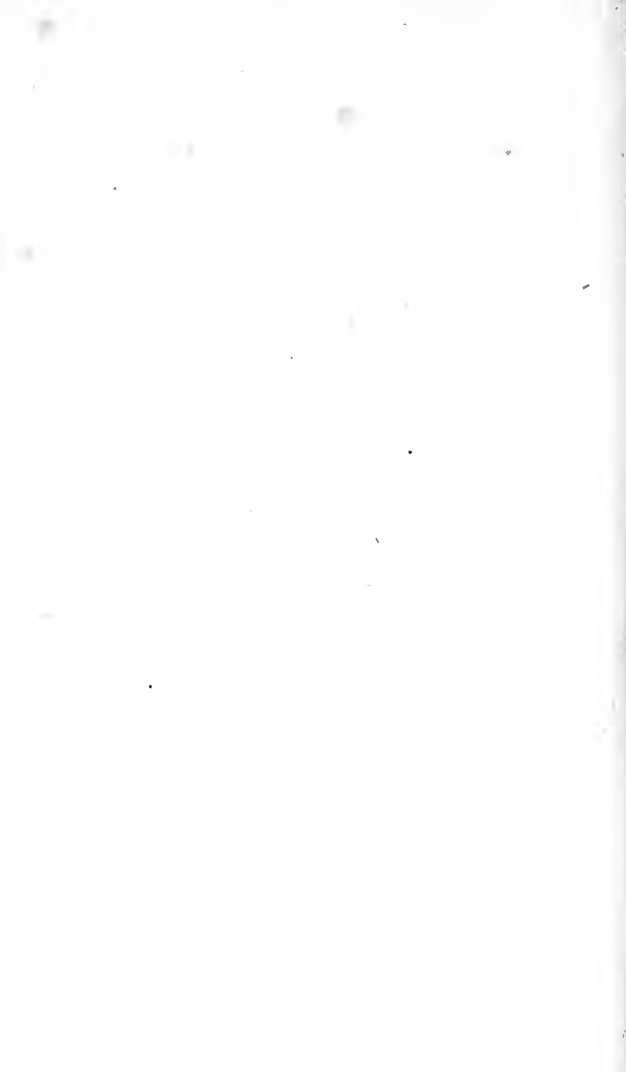
of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*,
and however trifling the tribute which I
offer, never doubt the fidelity with which
I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and

attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

245, PICCADILLY,
March 4, 1813.



PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who “fell at odds

about the sweet-bag of a bee*," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never

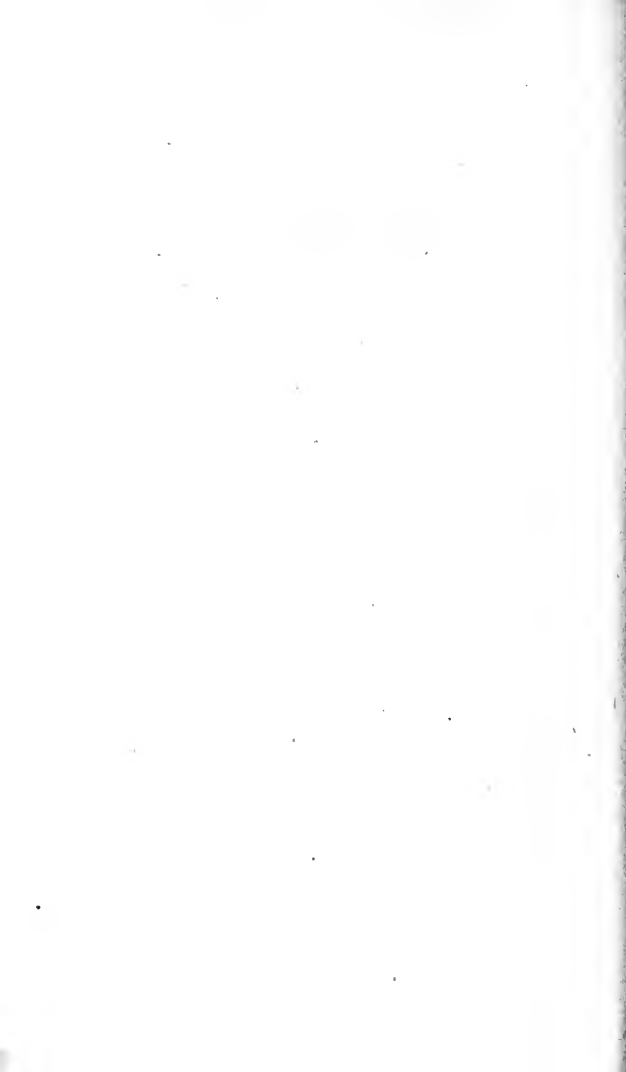
* Herrick.

tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book ; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or some-

thing equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of “*laudatur et alget*” is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.



PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

IN the absence of MR. BROWN, who is at present on a tour through ———, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that MR. BROWN has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which

has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition ; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and MR. BROWN must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα και μονον* *) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Per-

* Pindar, Pyth. 2—My friend certainly cannot add *οὐτ' ἐν ἀνδρασι γερασφορον*.

sonage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman poor MR. BROWN pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, DONATUS*, who held “that God is in Africa *and not elsewhere.*” But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to

* Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

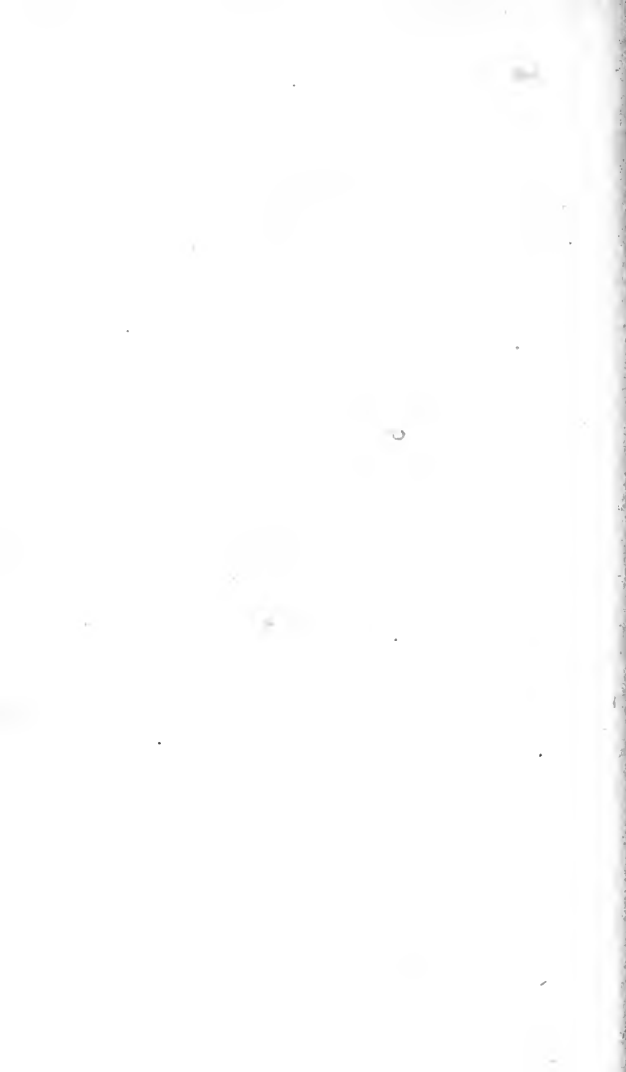
There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and

statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lanthorn, in Fielding's *Amelia*, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains* in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord ELD—N, page 73. In the line “Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,” it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read “*Surtees*,” instead of “Syrteis,” which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet “æstuosas.” I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.



CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
LETTER I.	
FROM the Pr—nc—ss Ch—e of W—s to the Lady B—rb—a A—shl—y	1
LETTER II.	
From Colonel M'M—h—n to G—ld Fr—nc—s L—ckie, Esq.	6
LETTER III.	
From G. R. to the E— of Y—	12
LETTER IV.	
From the Right Hon. P—tr—ck D—g—n—n to the Right Hon. Sir John N—ch—l	16
LETTER V.	
From the Countess Dowager of C— to Lady —	21
LETTER VI.	
From Abdallah, in London, to Mohassan, in Ispahan	25
LETTER VII.	
From Messrs. L—ck—gt—n and Co. to — —, Esq.	31
LETTER VIII.	
From Colonel Th—m—s to — —, Esq.	35

XXIV

TRIFLES.

	<i>Page</i>
The Insurrection of the Papers	43
Parody of a celebrated Letter	46
Anacreontic to a Plumassier	54
Extracts from the Diary of a Politician . .	57
Epigram	59
King Crack and his Idols	60
What's my Thought like?	63
Epigram	<i>ib.</i>
Wreaths for the Ministers	64
Epigram	67
Horace, Ode xi. Lib. ii.	68
——, Ode xxii. Lib. i.	73
Epigram	77
On a squinting Poetess	<i>ib.</i>
To ———	78
The new Costume of the Ministers	79
Correspondence between a Lady and Gentleman, upon the Advantage of (what is called) "having Law on one's Side"	82
Occasional Address for the Opening of the new Theatre of St. St—ph—n	85
The Sale of the Tools	88
Little Man and little Soul	91
Reinforcements for Lord Wellington . . .	94
Horace, Ode i. Lib. iii.	97
Horat. Lib. i. Ode xxxviii.	99
Impromptu	101
Lord Wellington and the Ministers	102
APPENDIX	105

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH———E OF W——S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y*.

MY dear Lady BAB, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have
made;

Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date,)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately
made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
 To God and his King—that a Popish young Lady
 (For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand
 a year,

It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
 Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
 Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
 And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
 That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
 their kicks !

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
 For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
 On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
 As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
 “ Pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries,
 While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
 “ 'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God !
 “ To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-
 shod—
 “ Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's
 source—
 “ Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
 “ But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse !”

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—
 The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their
 wits,

That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
 From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
 As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
 Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St.
 Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout man of Leather,
 V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads toge-
 ther,

Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
 Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
 Nay, they verily think they could point out the
 one

Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter
 upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
 To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
 Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
 That had these said creatures been Asses, not
 Ponies,

The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

“If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them, (says Lord
C—STL—R—GH—)

“To make them quite harmless the only true
way,

“Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)

“To flog them within half an inch of their lives—

“If they’ve any bad Irish blood lurking about,

“This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it
out.”

Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes

“The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—

“A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,

“Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains ;

“Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness
checks,

(Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks their
necks !”

This proposal receiv’d pretty general applause

From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking
clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
 Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
 So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
 And my Lord C—STL—R—GH, having so often
 shone

In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
 But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
 To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
 For just half an hour by the QU—N's best repeater.

C——E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD
FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book *.
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good ;

* See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——E, good Sir, the P——E has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE'S)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through.
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom !

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era ;

When England's monarch need but say
 "Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"
 Or—"hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
 And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
 To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)
 A Plan of radical Reform;
 Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
 Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT.
 Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,
 'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling,—
 Two wigs to every paragraph—
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
 His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk!

And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
 He scar'd the CH—NC—LL—R just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
 Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors too have got commands,
 To put directly into hands
 All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
 With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
 (While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
 Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To *turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
 So, send your System.—

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,
 I seize a moment, just to say,
 There's some parts of the Turkish system
 So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
 For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
 Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
 With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
 But *here* (as in that fairy land,
 Where Love and Age went hand in hand* ;

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—“A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles.”—And again, “There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c.”—See *Tales of the East*, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
 And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
 So, let your list of *she*-promotions
 Include those only, plump and sage,
 Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
 That is—as near as one can fix
 From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
 For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
 Though not decidedly *without* them,
 Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y———*.

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E———GH,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook*,
of course!—
" While you live—(what's there under that cover,
pray, look)—
" While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a
She-Cook.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

- “ ’Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—
 “ Which ordains that a female shall ne’er rule the
 roast ;
 “ For Cookery’s a secret—(this turtle’s uncommon)—
 “ Like Masonry, never found out by a woman !”

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
 Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt’s condemnation ;
 A compliment too to his Lordship the J——e
 For his Speech to the J—y—and zounds ! who
 would grudge

Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
 To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul ?
 We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
 Travell’d round, till our heads travell’d just the same
 way ;

And we car’d not for Juries or Libels —no—damme !
 nor

Ev’n for the threats of last Sunday’s Examiner !

More good things were eaten than said—but TOM
 T—RRH—T

In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,

And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
 Say—sated with turtle—“I’ll now try the beef”—
 TOMMY whisper’d him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
 “I fear ’twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!”

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had
 gone

To fit his new Marquis’s coronet on;
 And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis’d!—
 Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, “a calf’s-
 head surpris’d!”

The *brains* werè near ——— ; and *once* they’d been
 fine,

But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
 That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
 Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
 In a bumper, “the venial delights of Crim. Con.”
 At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences gloated,
 And E—B’R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
 For we drank—and you’ll own ’twas benevolent too—

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or
peers,

Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their
dears:

This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ———.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poor T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept
close

To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin.*

LAST week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, “Sweet Bully Bottom!
“ These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot ’em!
“ Deserve to be bespatter’d—hiccup—
“ With all the dirt ev’n *you* can pick up—

* This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

" But, as the P——E——(here's to him—fill—
 " Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
 " To humbug them with kind professions,
 " And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
 " *Rogue*"—" *traitor*"—hiccup—and all that—
 " You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
 " You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—" muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
 These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
 The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
 With slaver of the times of yore*!—
 Was it for this that back I went
 As far as Lateran and Trent,
 To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
 Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
 The silent victim still to sit
 Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
 To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
 Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn
 that the " muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon.
 Doctor let loose again!

Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
 The Nightman of No-Popery?
 What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
 Such learned filth will ever fish up?
 If there among our ranks be one
 To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
 Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
 Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
 That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
 Should PATRICK * his Port-folio send?
 Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,
 With all its theologic olio
 Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
 Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—
 Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
 Yet always ending in damnation—
 (Which shows that, since the world's creation,

* This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—
 As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
 Nomine percussus.

Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
 Have always had a taste for damning)
 And many more such pious scraps,
 To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
 That, mad as Christians us'd to be
 About the Thirteenth Century,
 There's *lots* of Christians to be had
 In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad !

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L !
 A rod or two I've had in pickle
 Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
 The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

*

*

*

We're told the ancient Roman nation
 Made use of spittle in lustration*.—
 (Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
 i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
 Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
 Make use of spittle in baptizing,
 Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
 CONNORS, and TOOLEs, all downright Pagans!
 This fact's enough—let no one tell us
 To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
 No—No—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
 Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

*

*

*

* ————— lustralibus antè salivis

Expiat.

Pers. Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis manasse."

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C——
TO LADY ——.

MY dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment
got mine—

The Mail-Coach Edition*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND,
last night,

Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach
copies of Rokeby.

Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts*!)

But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on
 some notion,

At least for one night to set London in motion?—
 As to having the R—G—NT— *that* show is gone by—
 Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
 The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
 Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
 Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of
 the two—

Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
 through,

And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
 (Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I
 hope,

That NAPOLEON'S old Mother's to marry the
 POPE,—

What a comical pair!—but, to stick to my Rout,
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
 Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd?
 No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?

No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently
black—

A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after
night.

But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they
touch)

Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about
town)

Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHIT-
STOPSCHINZODHOFF

Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth
off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
 If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
 And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
 Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can
 construe

That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster*?
 If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
 Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a
Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH*, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN,
IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Through London streets, with turban fair,
 And caftan, floating to the air,
 I saunter on—the admiration
 Of this short-coated population—
 This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
 Who, while they boast their laws so free,
 Leave not one limb at liberty,
 But live, with all their lordly speeches,
 The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fether,
 (They're Christians, and they know no better)*
 In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
 And, on Religious Toleration,
 I own I like their notions *quite*,
 They are so Persian and so right!
 Uou know our SUNNITES †, hateful dogs!
 Whom every pious SHIITE flogs

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chretien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have

Or longs to flog*—'tis true, they pray
 To God, but in an ill-bred way;
 With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
 Stuck in their right, canonic places †!
 'Tis true, they worship ALI's name ‡—
 Their Heav'n and ours are just the same—
 (A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
 'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.)

gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

* “Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme.”
D'Herbelot.

† “In contradistinction to the Sonnis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or earpet, the Schiahs, &c. &c.”

Forster's Voyage.

‡ “Les Turcs ne detestent pas Ali reciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnoissent, &c. &c.”
Chardin.

Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
 We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
 By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
 To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers *!
 Then—only think—the libertines!
 They wash their toes—they comb their chins †
 With many more such deadly sins!
 And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
 Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
 (Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
 As no man living would refuse
 Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
 Nor wash his toes, but with intent
 To overturn the government!)
 Such is our mild and tolerant way,
 We only curse them twice a day,

* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites
 consider as a great abomination." *Mariti.*

† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chap-
 ter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having
 the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan
 Sects.

(According to a Form that's set)
 And, far from torturing, only let
 All orthodox believers beat 'em,
 And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
 Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
 Provided they make nothing of it
 Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
 Which things, we nat'rally expect,
 Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
 Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked !)
 Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
 Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
 Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
 And only Sunnites with a brogue)
 Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
 As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
 Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
 Take it, when night begins to fall,
 And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
 That hour, the happiest and the last!—
 Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
 To summer bees, at break of morn,
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
 As is the soothing memory
 Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
 Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
 United live and die—
 Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
 With feather always touching feather,
 Link'd by a hook and eye*!

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—“A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together.”

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO —————, ESQ *.

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be
read—

Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-
change* are fled,

Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,

* From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
 Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink
 it!

However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
 And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your
 men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
 The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
 No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
 A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
 Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
 And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
 Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
 Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
 You'll get to the Blue-stockings Routs of ALB—N—A*!

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence,
 which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A,
 Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious
 Parodist.

(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*— a *second-hand* Muse.
 Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
 Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
 The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
 We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. SC—TT, you must
 know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row**)
 Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
 Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
 And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
 Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
 Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys
 can beat him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
 Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long
 coaches—

May do a few Villas, before SC—TT approaches—
 Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
 He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-
 ABBEY.

* Paternoster Row.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next
week—

At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———
———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête*, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery !
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men !
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it ;
When B——L's self inquir'd " who made it ?"—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet PYE *at least* !

Oh ! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek ;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze

* This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the
5th of February.

Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
 Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red—
 Like the last tints of dying Day
 That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
 (That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
 Too precious to be wash'd)—thy rings,
 Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
 Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
 And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
 But the great R—G—T's self alone!
 Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
 A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
 Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
 The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
 Hail, first of Actors*! best of R—G—TS!
 Born for each other's fond allegiance!

* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine, videris, &c. *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
 Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
 Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,
 Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—
 Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
 With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore !
 It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
 Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day !
 It takes to dance that chalk away*.
 The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
 Comets and suns beneath us lie ;
 O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
 And the floor seems a sky of chalk !
 But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
 When many a maid, with busy feet

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum _____
 _____ non equus impiger
Curru dncet Achaico.

* To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
 O'er the white path shall bound and play
 Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
 At every step a star is fled,
 And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
 So passeth life—(thus Sc—TT would write,
 And spinsters read him with delight)—
 Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
 Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone*!

But, hang this long digressive flight!
 I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
 What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
 Who say the P——E neglects the arts—
 Neglects the arts!—no ST——G! no;
Thy Cupids answer “’tis not so;”
 And every floor, that night, shall tell
 How quick thou daubest, and how well!
 Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
 Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
 Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel,
 (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) *γαρ*
μυμεισθαι η μιμεισθαι.

And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
 With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
 Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
 To thy best works assign'd by fate—
 While *some* chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
 Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
 Their hour of glory past and gone
 With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
 Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact will be
 The former Fête's *fac-simile**;
 The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
 Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
 (These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
 You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
 Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
 Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

* "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. &c."

Morning Post.

And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
 Had sent a State-Room as a present!—
 The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
 The same gold Asses*, pretty souls!
 That, in this rich and classic dome,
 Appear so perfectly at home!
 The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
 But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
 Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
 So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
 (It being rather hard to raise
 Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
 Some Sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
 Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
 And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
 The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold*!
 So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
 But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

* The salt-cellars on the P——E's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

TRIFLES

REPRINTED.



ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

“It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it.”

*Lord CASTLEREAGH's Speech upon Colonel
M'MAHON's Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
“I'll think of Viscount C—STL—R—GH,
“And of his speeches—that's the way.”
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.

And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream !
 FUSELI has no such theme ;
 ——— never wrote or borrow'd
 Any horror, half so horrid !

Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state,
 Before me at his breakfast sate ;
 On one side lay unread Petitions,
 On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
 Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
 Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo ! the Papers, one and all,
 As if at some magician's call,
 Began to flutter of themselves
 From desk and table, floor and shelves,
 And, cutting each some different capers,
 Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers !
 As though they said, "our sole design is
 "To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
 The Leader of this vile sedition
 Was a huge Catholic Petition,

With grievances so full and heavy.
 It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
 Then Common-Hall Addresses came
 In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
 Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
 As if *determin'd* to be read!
 Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
 And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
 Nay ev'n Death-Warrants thought they'd best
 Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
 His Letter about "predilections"—
 His own dear Letter, void of grace,
 Now flew up in its parent's face!
 Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
 He just could murmur "*et Tu Brute?*"
 Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
 At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
 "Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
 "Though Paper overwhelms the land,
 "Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

AT length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—RC—V—L's leave, I may throw my
chains by ;

And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

*	*	*
*	*	*
*	*	*
*	*	*
*	*	*
*	*	*

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—RM—TH and I thought perhaps 'twould be
better

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
 For, though H—RTF—RD House had long settled
 the question,

I thought it but decent, between me and you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it two.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
 Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad ;
 A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
 I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
 To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
 A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
 By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
 Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
 So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
 The same chest of tools, without cleansing or
 patching;
 For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sponce *,
 Would lose all their beauty, if purified once ;

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon
 scouring, turned out to be only an old Sponce.

And think—only think—if our Father should find,
 Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
 That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
 'That R—SE was grown honest, or W—STM--REL--ND
 wiser—

That R--D--R was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—
 Or L--V--RP--L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
 What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
 No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me:
 And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you
 know,

There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong
 curaçoa *,
 That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
 And my Y--RM--TH's red whiskers grew redder
 for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
 By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
 I *might* have withheld these political noodles
 From knocking their heads against hot Yankee
 Doodles;

* 'The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I
did not.

And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—NG *ever* will
die!

A new era's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe
it—

And all things, of course, must be new to receive
it.

New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n WAITHMAN
attends)—

New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new*
friends?

* * *
* * *

I repeat it “New Friends”—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P—RC—V—L tribe.

Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour—
Such vigour?

North, South, East, and West, they have cut such
a figure,

That soon they will bring the whole world round
our ears,

And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers,
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my
chains,

'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!

It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.

Then how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles
his brother!

For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!
Oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.

No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
 We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
 And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
 Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
 And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through :
 Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should
 come ill

To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU
 BR—MM—L,

Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion,
 To cut *me*, and bring the old K—NG into fashion.
 This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
 When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
 So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
 So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
 (And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
 What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now.)
 When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,)
 I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
 "To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
 Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
 (No man, except POLE, could have writ you a
 better.)

'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so
 long

With the notion (good men !) that I knew right from
 wrong,

Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
 To let *too* much light in on me never would do ;

But even GREY's brightness shan't make me afraid,
 While I've C—MD—N and ELD—N to fly to for shade ;
 Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much
 harm,

While there's W—STM—REL—ND near him to
 weaken the charm.

As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
 Sure joining with H—RTF—RD and Y—RM—TH
 will do it !

Between R—D—R and WH—RT—N let SHERIDAN
 sit,

And the fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit ;
 And against all the pure public feeling that glows
 Ev'n in WHITBREAD himself we've a Host in
 G—RGE R—SE !

So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
 And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,
 Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to
 lose,)

By the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the news;
 And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predilec-
 tion,)

Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P—RC—L going—
 Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his
 crowing!

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan !
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——E's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——E to wear !

First, thou downiest of men !
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand !
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown ;
If thou canst not find them, stupid !
Ask the way of PRIOR's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck mé next an' old Cuckoo;
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy kind, cornuted mates!
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a R—y—I crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,
 Foe to all that's fair and bright!
 Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
 Books, that shun the search of men;
 Books, that, far from every eye,
 In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
 Stick them in between the two,
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
 Bind the kindred stems together

With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;
Sullied now—alas how much !
Only fit for Y—RM—TH's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done ;
Present worthy G——GE's Son !
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE" and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—NCH—ST—R Square took a canter
just now—

Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he was trav'ling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day mode another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—

“Fine weather” says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
 Answer’d “yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late.”
 He took it, I fear, for he look’d somewhat gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
 That before all the courtiers I fear’d they’d come off,
 And then, Lord, how GERAMB would triumphantly
 scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
 To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion*!

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
 Given by Lady C—STL—R—GH.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has two strings always to his bow.
 In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam’d
 “*Had I a heart for falsehood fram’d.*”
 While gentle H—RTE—D begg’d and pray’d
 For “*Young I am and sore afraid.*”

* England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. “I remember” says Tavernier “to have seen one of the King of Persia’s porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension.”

EPIGRAM*.

What news, to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
 "M—C is the PR——E's Privy Purse!"—
 The PR——CE's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
 You mean the PR——CE's *Ridicule.*

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR—C—ss of W—ES. I have merely versified it.

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR
A NEW M—N—STRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings,
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you
gladly,)

But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been plac'd
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,
'That he knelt down and worshipping'd, though—such
was his taste!—

They were monstrous to look at and rotten to
touch!

* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

And these were the beautiful Gods of KING
CRACK!—

Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, “Come, your Godships
must pack—

“You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for
Kings.”

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning “Great
Cæsar!

“We are willing to worship; but only entreat
“That you’ll find us some *decenter* Godheads
than these are.”

“I’ll try,” says KING CRACK—then they furnish’d
him models

Of better-shap’d Gods, but he sent them all
back;

Some were chisell’d too fine, some had heads ’stead
of noddles,

In short, they were all *much* too godlike for
CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing
their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their
places !

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—SC—NT C—STL—
R—GH?

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE
AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS THE D——E
OF C—B—L—D.

Said his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
“Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic
NEDDY?”—

“Because, Sir,” said NED, looking full in his phiz,
“You’re *forbidding* enough, in all conscience,
already!”

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or, (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us—
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES*!

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily—

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." *γεννηωδεις και ποινιμης δαιμονας*.

Orange of the darkest dye
 Irish G—FF—RD can supply !
 Choose me out the longest sprig,
 And stick it in old ELD—N's wig !

Find me next a Poppy posy,
 Type of his harangues so dozy,
 Garland gaudy, dull and cool
 For the head of L—V—RP—L— !
 'Twill console his brilliant brows
 For that loss of laurel boughs,
 Which they suffer'd (what a pity)
 On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—STL—R—GH to crown,
 Bring me, from the County DOWN,
 Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
 Gilded o'er, to hide the green—
 (Such as H—DF—T brought away
 From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day *)

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C———n House every Patrick's-Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
 With shabby threads *of every hue*—
 And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
 His Lordship loves (though best of men)
 A little *torture*, now and then,
 Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
 Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
 Had I leisure, I could say
 How the *oldest rose* that grows
 Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—E—
 How the DOCTOR's brow should smile
 Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
 But time presses—to thy taste
 I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER
MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S
FETE.

“I want the Court-Guide” said my Lady “to look
“If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20”—
“We’ve lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma’am, but here’s
the Red Book,
“Where you’ll find, I dare say, *Seymour PLACES*
in plenty!”

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

† COME, Y—RM—TH, my boy, never trouble
your brains,
About what your old croney,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains ;

* This and the following are extracted from a Work,
which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public
—entitled “Odes of Horace, done into English by several
Persons of Fashion.”

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries:
 Should there come famine,
 Still plenty to cram in
 You always shall have, my dear Lord of the
 Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
 † For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
 And then people get fat,
 And infirm, and—all that,
 ‡ And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
 That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;
 § Thy whiskers, too, Y—RM—TH!—alas, even they,
 Though so rosy they burn,
 Too quickly must turn
 (What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)
 to GREY.

* Nec trepides in usum
 Poscentis ævi pauca.

† ——— Fugit retro
 Levis juvenas et decor.

‡ Pellente lascivos amores
 Canicie.

§ — neque uno Luna rubens nitet
 Vultu.

* Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should
you fidget

Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an
idiot,

Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in
your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye,)

† How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink
like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me,
just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don
Juan!

* — quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

† Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere——

* To crown us, Lord Warden !

In C—MB—RL—ND's garden

Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs ;

While Otto of Roses

Refreshing all noses

Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

† What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau

In that streamlet delicious,

That down midst the dishes,

All full of good fishes

Romantic doth flow ?—

‡ Or who will repair

Unto M———— Sq——e

And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there ?

* ————— rosâ

Canos odorati capillos

Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

Potamus uncti.

† ————— Quis puer ocyus

Restinguet ardentis Falerni

Pocula prætereunte lympa?

‡ Quis ————— eliciet domo

Lyden?

Go—bid her haste hither,

* And let her bring with her

The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—

† Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,

All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,

In the manner of—ACKERMANN'S Dresses for
May!

* *eburna dic age cum lyra (qu. liar-a)*
Maturet.

† *Incomtum Lacænæ*
More comam religata nodum.

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

* **T**HE man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

† No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

* *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*

† *Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra :*

* Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
 Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
 'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
 No matter, 'tis all one to him.

† For instance, I, one evening late,
 Upon a gay vacation sally,
 Singing the praise of Church and State,
 Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

* Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "*quæ loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes*" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis
 Fugit inermem.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
 Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
 I did but frown, and off he started,
 Scar'd at me even without my wig!

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
 Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
 Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
 Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "*curis expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, *causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "*inermis*" when "*without his wig*," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

* Oh! place me midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
 The ragged royal-blood of TARA;
 Or place me where DICK M—RT—N rules
 The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA;

† Of Church and State I'll warble still
 Though ev'n DICK M—RT—N's self should
 grumble;
 Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL,
 ‡ So lovingly upon a hill—
 Ah! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble!

* *Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
 Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
 Jupiter urget.*

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—RT—N being
 a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus
 Jupiter" of him.

† *Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
 Dulce loquentem.*

‡ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of
 the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is
 called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient
 apologue of JACK and JILL. JACK, of course, represents
 the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

JACK fell down,
 And broke his *Crown*,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

" I never give a kiss, (says Prue)
 " To naughty man, for I abhor it."
 She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
 She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it !



ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
 But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

TO —————.

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo *.

DIE when you will, you need not wear
 At Heaven's Court a form more fair
 Than Beauty here on earth has given;
 Keep but the lovely looks we see—
 The voice we hear—and you will be
 An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—*See his Life.*

THE
NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

NOVA MONSTRA CREAVIT.

Ovid Metamorph. L. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us ! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI—
“Let's see” said the R—G—T (like TITUS, perplex'd
With the duties of empire) “whom *shall* I dress
next?”

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair* ;

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and orna-menting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—“timore tonsoris,” says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verns, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See

Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he traces—
 For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
 The *false*r they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could
 doubt?

For his Y—RM—TH's own Frenchified hand cut it
 out;

Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
 And a Grand Household Council was held on each
 plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his
 brother

Great C—MB—RL—D's Duke, with some kickshaw
 or other?

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
 For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
 Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
 For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new
 Stays,

Jul. Capitolin.)—Indeed, this was not the *only* princely
 trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most
 hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insult-
 ing answer to her in Spartianus.

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
 'Twould be devilish hard work to *unpack* him
 again!

So, what's to be done?—there's the MINISTERS,
 bless 'em!—

As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
 “An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be
 nimble—

“Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H—RTF—D
 her thimble;

“While Y—RM—TH shall give us, in spite of all
 quizzers,

“The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars.”

So saying, he calls C—STL—R—GH, and the rest
 Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be
 drest.

While Y—RM—TH, with snip-like and brisk
 expedition,

Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
 In long tailors' measures, (the P—E crying “well-
 done!”)

And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD—N.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON
THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED)
“ HAVING LAW ON ONE’S SIDE.”

THE GENTLEMAN’S PROPOSAL.

“ LEGGE AUREA,
S’ei piace, ei lice.”

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied ;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look
gloomy,
But, dearest ! we’ve LAW on our side.

Oh ! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide ;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they’ve got LAW on their side !

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been
done, too:

Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?
For so argues LAW on our side!

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've LAW on our side.



THE LADY'S ANSWER.

HOLD, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining
o'er 'em

The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness, (and welcome!) might kick
down decorum—
You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown
 hoary,
 Whose heart, though it long ago died
 To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
 You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
 By *my* advice therefore abide,
 And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
 Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF
ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN
SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COS-
TUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation !
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be
had ;

And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set :
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,

But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
 Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King* ;)
 Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
 Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
 Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
 Your devoted and long-winded proser till death !

You remember last season, when things went per-
 verse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
 One Mr. V—NS—TT—T, a good sort of person,
 Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
 In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
 We expect too—at least we've been plotting and
 planning—

To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—NN—NG ;
 And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts,
 Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
 If the Manager should, with the help of Sir
 P—PH—M,

Get up new *diversions*, and C—NN—NG should
 stop 'em,

Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
 "Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
 There is plenty of each in this House to be had ;
 Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
 For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he ;
 And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
 Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
 His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
 And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
 Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
 Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,
 To transact all that trickery business behind.
 The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
 Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
 A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
 May be had of the Manager PAT C—STL—R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

INSTRUMENTA REGNI.

Tacitus.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen
and Ladies,

They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is ;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt

In that delicate service they're rather worn out ;
Though their owner, bright youth ! if he'd had his
own will,

Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and
alack !

What tool is there job after job will not hack ?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——NB'R——H'S, none of
the best,

But you'll find them good hard-working Tools,
upon trying,

Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the
buying ;

They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
screens,
 And they're, some of them, excellent *turning*
machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
 Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
 Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
 'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
 Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou
 shapest—

'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
 Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
 Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
 Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
 A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*!
 Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
 Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is
 your's, Sir.

To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest.
 As a *bill at long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a
 trice—

This implement, Ge'mmen! at first was a *Vice*;

(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
 Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)
 But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
 Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
 Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
 We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
 God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
 down,
 Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a
 Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
 Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
 Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
 Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
 And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
 This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
 You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
 At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
 Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to
 judge it)
 Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A
LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOODED A LITTLE
MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON.
CH—RL—S ABB—T.

Arcades ambo.

Et cant—are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
"Whether it's within our reach
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I, I, I,
"Just between little you and little I!"—

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,

" I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
 " But, if it's not uncivil,
 " Pray tell me what the devil
 " Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
 " Must our little, little speech be about ?"

The little Man look'd big, .
 With th' assistance of his wig,
 And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
 Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
 To jail, like Thomas Croggan,
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward
 her, ward her,
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke
 " Little Soul, it is no joke,
 " For as sure as J —CKY F—LL—R loves a sup,
 sup, sup,
 " I will tell the Prince and People
 " What I think of Church and Steeple,
 " And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
 " And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,
tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little,
little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little !

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD
WELLINGTON.



——— suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES
Hos cape fatorum comites.

VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should
we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans
to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,

And, though they've been helping the French for
years past,

We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C—STL—R—GH in our sieges might save some
disgraces,

Being us'd to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*;

And Volunteer C—NN—G, still ready for joining,

Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.

Could the Household but spare us its glory and
pride,

Old H—DF—T at *horn-works* again might be tried,

And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his
side!

While V—NS—TT—T could victual the troops
upon tick,

And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—G—T himself

Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the
shelf:—

Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,

Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse*?

And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might
prove,

Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move*,"
Yet there's *one* thing, in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is that he could not with ease be *surrounded*!

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.

HORACE, ODE i. LIB. iii.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Favete linguis : carmina non prius

Audita, Musarum sacerdos,

Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,

Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob ! as my Lady hates delf,
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G—DW—N, write books for young
masters and misses.

Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart
merry,

Even monarchs themselves are not free from
mishap,

Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before
Jerry,

Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * *

HORAT. LIB. i. ODE xxxviii.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus :
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE
WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON.
G—RGE R—SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs and gim-crackeries—
Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not
wait,

Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old R—e is delaying*!

* * * * *

* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "*Melitensi rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord CASTLEREAGH's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "*Rosa munda*" mean "a Rose with clean hands" it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "*Rosa aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the POPE, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old Rose*," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "*consenuisse Rosas*." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

IMPROMTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT
PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF
BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd
from mine.

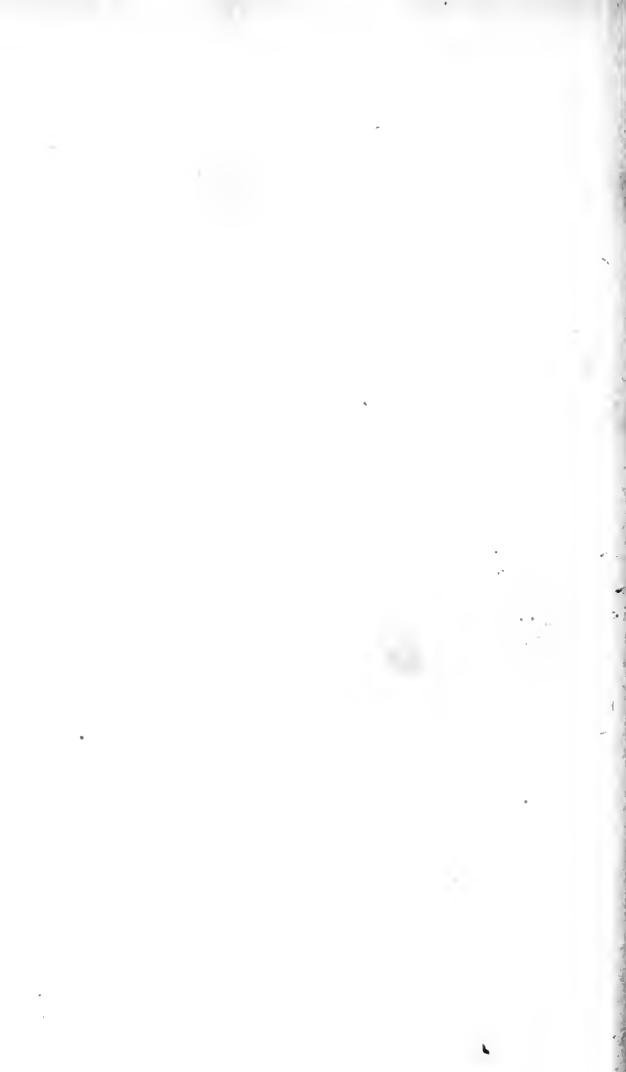
LORD WELLINGTON AND THE
MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child,
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh WELLINGTON ! long as such Ministers wield,
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do ;
For while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you* !

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. *Page 16.*

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom she had elevated

to the dignity of Cardinal) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were in Athens—when

“by Ilissus’ stream

“We whispering walk’d along, and learn’d to speak

“The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—

“Ah! then how little did we think or hope,

“Dearest of men! that I should e’er be POPE*!

“That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art

“Seem’d just enough to keep thy house and heart,

“(And those alas I at sixes and at sevens)

“Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!”

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—“Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hac quanquam!”

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

“Should thus surprise the Conclave’s grave decorum,

“And let a *little Pope* pop out before ’em—

“Pope *Innocent* ! alas, the only one

“That name should ever have been fix’d upon !”

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

“But oh ! more dear, more precious ten times over—

“Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover !

“I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad’st *me*—ah !

“Thou mad’st the Papa * of the World Mamma !”

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posterī negabit!))

Emancipatus FÆMINÆ

Fert vallum!—

LETTER VII. *Page 33.*

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK *" of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

* There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "*Liber de tribus impostoribus.*" (See Morhof. *Cap. de Libris damnatis*)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "*a tribus impostoribus*" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—
Time, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the
 Bourbon Chamber * in C—r—l—t—n House—
 Enter the P—E R—G—T solus—After a few
 broken sentences he thus exclaims

Away—Away—

'Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish BOOK!
 I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
 I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N's brows—
 I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D's Spouse—
 V—NS—TT—T's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
 And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—D—R's
 face!

While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*)
 I find, ah wretched elf!

Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation*)

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!

Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!

* The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Delicious drams ! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart ?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"the *Book*"—"Wrong Measures"—"*the Queen*"—"Mr, *Lambert*"—"the R—G—T."

Ha ! treason in my House !—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*)
what Demon brought you hither ?

"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer
look—

(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)
Alas ! too plain, B, double O, K, BOOK—
Death and destruction !

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of
Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing
(very much in the German style) ensues, in the

course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c. &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, “to maintain the becoming splendour of his office*.” The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

’Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,

* “To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour.” (*A loud laugh.*)

Lord Castlereagh’s Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor’s Bill

“Worship my whiskers!”—(*weeps*) not a knee was
there

But bent and worshipp’d the Illustrious Pair,
That curl’d in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his
handkerchief*)—while cries

Of “Whiskers, whiskers” shook the echoing
skies!—

Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injur’d pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear’d some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!

The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow’d
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*)—collected in
her veil—

The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form’d the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she
throws,

And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.

(*weeps.*)

Heav'ns, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire,
 (*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious
 Sire!—

But ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourn'd
 to see—

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
 And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
 And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
 While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
 Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
 When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
 Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
 Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
 Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
 Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
 The watchman cried “past One” and —I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever,
 and the R—G—T (who has been very much
 agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a
 movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII.
 when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers
 to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is

held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *cliquant* in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they “*exeunt severally*” to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
 Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
 And all your portion of the glorious day

May be some solitary beam that falls,
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad !
 Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
 Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there ;
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew !
 Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
 With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has plac'd it
 near,
 Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere !—
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
 And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty !

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop,
 and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is
 discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evi-
 dently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of
 gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about—They all rise

and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straiten your knees,
 For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
 While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers)
 The Shop-board's delight ! the Mecænas of Tailors !
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
 But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat ;
 Philip's Son thought the World was too small for
 his Soul,
 While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd button-
 hole !

Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those
 who go loose—
 Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
 So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
 Still the fattest and best-fitted P——E about town !
 Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of
all slatterns,

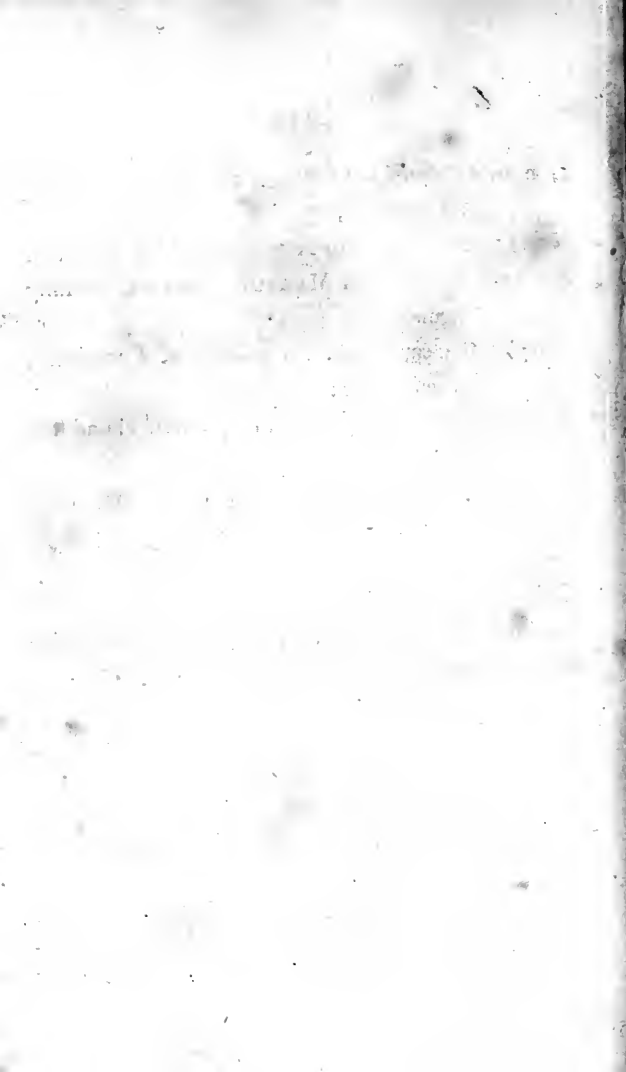
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully
wrong—

They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT,
when young ;

But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the
R—G—T—

So, hope you'll excuse your's till death, most
obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T
resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.



THE
FUDGE FAMILY
IN
Paris.

T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

Brown

THE
FUDGE FAMILY
IN
Paris.



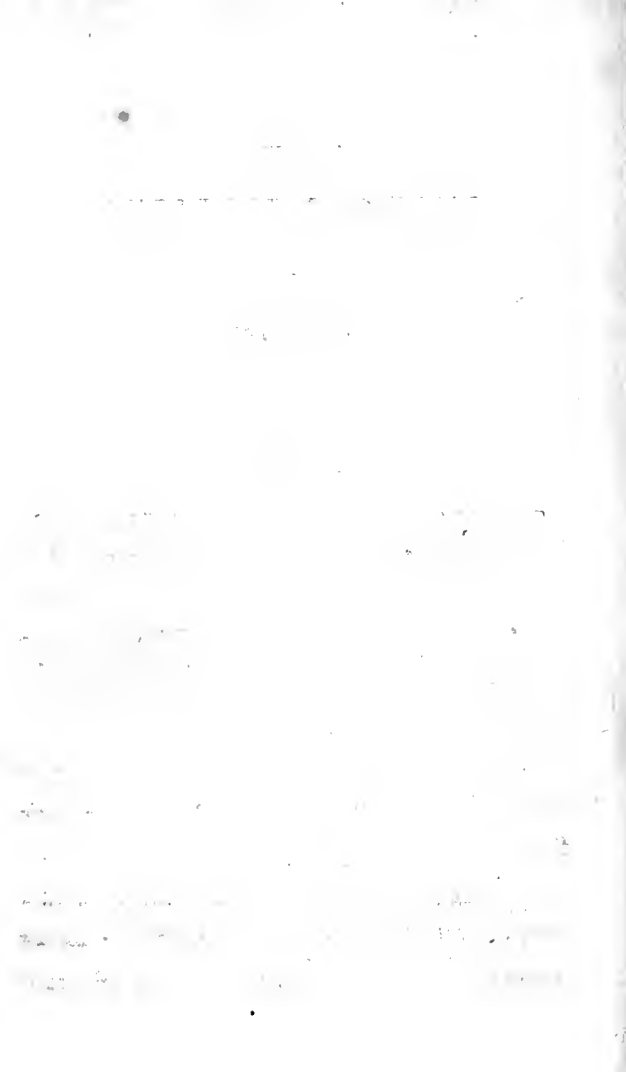
EDITED BY
THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,
AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,
AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.



PREFACE.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of

that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether MR. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit MR. BOB FUDGE'S Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for

his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. DR. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY “was not the author of his own book,” and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the

honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ αἶρας
Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria personâ*, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient

and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———,
OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are
plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating:

His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—

A letter from France, with French pens and French
ink,

How delightful ! though, would you believe it, my
 dear ?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here ;
 No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
 But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at
 home ;

And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
 I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you !
 In vain, at DESSEIN's, did I take from my trunk
 That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading " The
 Monk ;"

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
 And remember the crust and the wallet—alas !
 No monks can be had now for love or for money,
 (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY ;)
 And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
 Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive !

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIX-

HUIT

Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet, *
(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark !
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*)
He exclaimed “ Oh mon Roi ! ” and, with tear-drop-
ping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin,
nigh,
Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
“ Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King ;
And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way.”

* To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

There's the pillar, too—Lord ! I had nearly forgot—
 What a charming idea !—rais'd close to the spot ;
 The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
 To build tombs over legs,* and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as yet ;
 Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,
 Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
 Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—bawling for
 sous !

And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes
 seem

To recall the good days of the *ancien regime*,
 All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
 And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
 Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.

* Ci-git la jambe de &c. &c.

You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a

Dandy;

A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and
lac'd,

Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:

Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to
scholars,

With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,

That seats like our music-stools soon must be found
them,

To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round
them!

In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,

And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:

An improving young man, fond of learning, am-
bitious,

And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,

Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows
 pat,

A la braise, petits pâtés, and—what d’ye call that

They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maitre d’hôtel*—

I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well

As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,

Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch’d yet;

But just knows the names of French dishes and
 cooks,

As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d’ye think?—mind, it’s all *entre nous*,

But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—

Why, he’s writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?

No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in
 France;

At the special desire (he let out t’other day)

Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—STL-R-GH,

Who said, "My dear FUDGE ——" I forget th'
exact words,

And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie—
science,

Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be
judge,

Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*,
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French
phrases—

“ SCOTT’S Visit,” of course—in short, ev’ry thing *he*
has

An author can want, except words and ideas :—

And, lo ! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear !

But, bless me, my paper’s near out, so I’d better

Draw fast to a close :—this exceeding long letter

You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,

Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet.—

What’s next ? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,

Young CONNOR :—they say he’s so like BONAPARTE,

His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,

As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all
heads

That resemble old NAP’s, and who knows but their
honours

May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor
CONNOR’S ?

Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough,
 Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
 A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job,
 (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma)
 And for charity made private tutor to BOB—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
 But BOB's *déjeuner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
 Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
 And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
 Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
 But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,
 And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE
 ROI!*

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD
VISCOUNT C——H.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
“ Demoraliz’d” metropolis ;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn’d quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
“ Stood prostrate” at the people’s feet.
Where (still to use your Lordship’s tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*

Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction kicks the beam ! *

Where the poor palace changes masters

Quicker than a snake its skin,

And LOUIS is roll'd out on castors,

While BONEY's borne on shoulders in :—

But where, in every change, no doubt,

One special good your Lordship traces,—

That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,

The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C———GH,

I've thought of thee upon the way,

* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shews how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—"He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

As in my *job* (what place could be
 More apt to wake a thought of thee ?)
 Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
 Upon my dickey, (as is fitting
 For him who writes a Tour, that he
 May more of men and manners see,)
 I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
 Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories !
 Reflecting how thy fame has grown

And spread, beyond man's usual share,
 At home, abroad, till thou art known,

Like Major SEMPLE, every where !
 And marv'ling with what pow'rs of breath
 Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
 Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
 Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears,—and when
 All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last
 Speech'd down the Sovereign * of Belfast.

* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his

Oh ! mid the praises and the trophies
 Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis ;
 Mid all the tributes to thy fame,

There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleas'd at—
 That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
 And C——GH's the thing now sneez'd at !

But hold, my pen !—a truce to praising—

Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
 The theme's temptations are amazing ;

But time and ink run short, and now,
 (As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher

In these gay metaphoric fringes,)

Lordship (with the “ *studium immane loquendi*” attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of “ The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent !”

I must *embark* into the *feature*

On which this letter chiefly *hinges* ;— *

My Book, the Book that is to prove—

And *will*, so help ye Sprites above,

That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,

Watching the labours of the FUDGES!—

Will prove that all the world, at present,

Is in a state extremely pleasant:

That Europe—thanks to royal swords

And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding—

Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,

Passeth all human understanding:

That France prefers her go-cart King

To such a coward scamp as BONEY—

Though round, with each a leading-string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,

* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—" And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

For fear the chubby, tottering thing

Should fall, if left there *loney-poney* :

That England, too, the more her debts,

The more she spends, the richer gets ;

And that the Irish, grateful nation !

Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,

And bless thee for their flagellation,

As HELOISA did her lover !*

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch

Upon the side-board, snug reposes ;

While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,

And Norway " on a bed of roses !"

That, as for some few million souls,

Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods !

If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,

And Frenchmen—'t wouldn't make much odds,

* See her Letters.

So Europe's goodly Royal ones
 Sit easy on their sacred thrones ;
 So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
 And LOUIS eats his *salmi** daily ;
 So time is left to Emperor SANDY
 To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy ;
 And G——GE the R——G——T (who'd forget
 That doughtiest chieftain of the set ?)
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
 For dragons, after Chinese models,
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
 Might come and nine times knock their nod-
 dles !—

All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
 Than Quarto ever prov'd before—
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,

* Οψα τι, δια ιδουσι διοτροφιας βασιλιδης.

My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
On BIDDY'S back or BOBBY'S shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
Who longs to be a small place-holder)
Is—though *I* say't, that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

“ *Jul. thirty-first.*—Went, after snack,

“ ‘To the Cathedral of St. Denny;

“ Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,

“ And—gave the old Concierge a penny!

“ (*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd, 'tis said,

“ For making Kings and gingerbread.)

“ Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
 “ A little Bourbon, buried lately,
 “ Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
 “ Though only twenty-four hours old !*
 “ Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins ;
 “ Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins !
 “ If Royalty, but ag’d a day,
 “ Can boast such high and puissant sway,
 “ What impious hand its pow’r would fix,
 “ Full fledg’d and wigg’d † at fifty-six !”

The argument’s quite new, you see,
 And proves exactly Q. E. D.—

* So described on the coffin : “ très haute et puissante Princesse, agée d’un jour.”

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan’s great qualities :—“ nonne longè latèque Principem ostentant ?”

So now, with duty to the R—G—T,

I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;

But BIDDY said she thought 'twould look

Genteeler thus to date my Book,

And BIDDY's right—besides, it curries

Some favour with our friends at MURRAY'S,

Who scorn what any man can say,

That dates from Rue St. Honoré!*

* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

OH DICK ! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like
feeding ;

And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of Prog !
Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I
swear, is

A humbug, a flam, to the Carte* at old VE'RY's ;

* The Bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
 A Jury of Tasters,* with woodcocks before 'em?
 Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every
 year—

But those friends of *short Commons* would never do
 here;

And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,
 No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
 'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat.
 There's the R—G—T, there's LOUIS—and BONEY
 tried too,

But, tho' somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't
 do :—

* Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his *Almanach des Gourmands*, cinquième année, p. 78.

He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he
wed,

But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is
what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of *Cocaigne*,*
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for
rain,

And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream-ice*;

* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—*Duchat*.

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields ;

Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver complaint !*

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,

Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no

doubt of it—

Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it*.

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that “hold

up

“ The mirror to nature ”—so bright you could sup

* The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique* :—“ On déplume l'estomac des oies ; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie,” &c. p. 206.

Off the leather like china ; with coat, too, that
draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause !—

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,

And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet

Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

There, DICK, what a breakfast !—oh, not like your
ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and
toast ;

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves
about,

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles
out

One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,

One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,

One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
 Or one's kidnies—imagine, DICK—done with cham-
 pagne !

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, may-
 hap,

Chambertin,* which you know's the pet tippie of
 NAP,

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
 Much scruples to taste, but *I'm* not so partic'lar.—
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription ; and then,

DICK, 's

The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
 (If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend
 on't,

I'd swallow ev'n W—TK—NS', for sake of the end
 on't) ;

A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
 Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's lips !

* The favourite wine of Napoleon.

† *Velours en bouteille*.

This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd !

- Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so
queer in't!)—

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,

And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear
in't,

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, DICK,
the phyzzes,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes !

Here toddles along some old figure of fun,

With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1 ;

A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul !

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole ;

Just such as our PR——E, who nor reason nor fun
dreads,

Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.*

* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago,
“ Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les
autres Rois de la Chretienté ensemble.”—What would he say now ?

Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
 In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde,
 There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some
 ones

We've seen about WHITE'S—the Mounseers are but
 rum ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs. DRAPER
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper :
 And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
 They'd club for old B—M—L, from Calais, to dress
 'em!

The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-
 lopping nation,

To leave there behind them a snug little place
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation!

In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and
friseurs,

Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk
breeches,

Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,

There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm
a sinner,

The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner :
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS' * larder, my boy !
And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write “ Come and kiss me, dear BOB ! ” I'd
not budge—

Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

* A celebrated Restaurateur.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

“**R**ETURN!”—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land ;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Ev’n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscrib’d, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel’s halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there—*

* “They use to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist (‘ If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,’ &c.) or the words—‘The memory of the desolation.’” *Leo of Modena.*

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace !
 No !—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
 See nought but food for factions and harangues ;
 Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores :

* Still let your * * * *
 * * * * *

Still hope and suffer, all who can !—but I,
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither ?—every-where the scourge pursues—
 Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
 In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
 Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face !

* I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Every-where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
 Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few ;
 While E * * * * *, every-where—the general foe
 Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow !

Oh, E * * * * * ! could such poor revenge atone
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest
 one ;

Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
 To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way ;—
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets ;
 Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
 Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame ;

Hears maledictions ring from every side .

Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights be-
side ;

That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast ;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield ;—
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd !
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood !

If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
 That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
 this,—

That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
 Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art ;
 That, as the Centaur * gave th' infected vest
 In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
 We sent thee C————GH :—as heaps of dead
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
 So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim,
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
 Her worst infections all condens'd in him !

* * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes ? oh, when
 Will that redeeming day shine out on men,

* *Membra et Herculeos toros*

Urit lues Nessea.—————

Ille, ille victor vincitur.

Senec. Hercul. Œt.

That shall behold them rise, erect and free
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
 Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
 Be all giv'n up?—and are *they* only right,
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd

In scales that, ever since the world begun,
 Have counted millions but as dust to one?
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born;

Who * * * * *
 * * * * *

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
 And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
 For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,

The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
 Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,
 Against whole millions, panting to be free,
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
 Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
 Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,

Welcome * * * * *
 * * * * *

And, 'stead of ARISTIDES—woe the day
 Such names should mingle!—welcome C——GH!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
 Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,

Thoughts that * * * *
 * * * * *

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser
 far

To leave still hid and burning where they are!

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS
DOROTHY ———.

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty
girl—

Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,

Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum

Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.

But, Lord, 'such a place! and then, DOLLY, my
dresses,

My gowns, so divine!—there's no language ex-
presses,

Except just the *two* words “superbe,” “magnifique,”
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call’d—I forget—à la—something which
sounded

Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(BOB's) cookery language, and Madame LE ROI's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*.—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la*
 Française,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and
 poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimnies from
 smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights—
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing trans-
 acting

But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting ?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears !

Brother BOBBY's remark, t'other night, was a
 true one ;—

“ This *must* be the music,” said he, “ of the
 spears,

For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run
 through one !”

Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make
 out

'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
 That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
 Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—

What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm !

What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let
loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old LAÏs,* and chose to make
use of it !

No—never was known in this riotous sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my
dear.

So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,

Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic

For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,

And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic !

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi, DOLLY, de ça—*

There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance !

Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can
dance

Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS !
FANNY BIAS in FLORA—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is
the air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,
Oh ! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from
heaven ?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, DOLLY ! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can
judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY
FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart
in)

They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin; *
Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

* The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, “couleur de feu d'Opéra!”—*Du-laure, Curiosités de Paris.*

Here DANIEL, in pantomime,* bids bold defiance
 To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,
 While pretty young Israelites dance round the
 Prophet,

In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
 Here BE'GRAND,† who shines in this scriptural path,
 As the lovely SUSANNA, without ev'n a relic
 Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
 In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
 All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;

* A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "Scene 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'E'ternel."

† Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders,"—"L'Amour et la Folie," &c. &c.

And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,* a place where—I
doubt

If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, DOLL,—you hardly know
where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a
match ;

* The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by “ F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris,” &c. &c.

In an instant you're seated, and down both together

Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old Scratch!*

Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who
embark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and
fright,—

That there came up—imagine, dear DOLL, if you
can—

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so
oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!

* According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his
head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike !) in bad English said,
“ Ah ! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course”—though I scarce under-
stood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I
would.

Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming
together,—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh ! as I gaz'd on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens* we saunter'd
about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at
each cracker,

And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere
folly—

But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?

* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22.

Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia,

Who's here now incog.*—he, who made such a
fuss, you

Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat off!

Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under BONEY)
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he
swore,

Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be
seen)

Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.

* His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of
Count Ruppín, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very
frequently.

Some Doetor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
 Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its
 folly push—

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief

By rattling, as BOB says, “like shot through a
 holly-bush.”

I must now bid adieu—only think, DOLLY, think
 If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a
 wink

With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
 And how all the Misses my good luck will
 grudge,

When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away
 vapours,

Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY
 FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising and manag'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM.

FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th receiv'd just now—

Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother !

'Tis truly pleasing to see how

We, FUDGES, stand by one another.

But never fear—I know my chap,

And he knows *me* too—*verbum sap.*

My Lord and I are kindred spirits,

Like in our ways as two young ferrets ;

Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,

To twist into all sorts of places ;—

Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have
thought it?"

Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—

Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.

And, though some few seditious tricks

I play'd in 95 and 6,

As you remind me in your letter,

His Lordship likes me all the better;—

We, proselytes, that come with news full,

Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I—(you know TOM REYNOLDS—

Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—

Lucky the dog that first unkennels

Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;

Or who can help to *bag* a few,
 When S—D——TH wants a death or two;)
 REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,
 All men, like us, of *information*,
 Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
 As *under-saviours* of the nation—*
 Have form'd a Club this season, where
 His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
 And gives us many a bright oration
 In praise of our sublime vocation;
 Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,
 Who, though in fable typified as
 A royal Ass, by grace divine
 And right of ears, most asinine,
 Was yet no more, in fact historical,
 Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,

Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—*

Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,

Like us, for being trusty listeners ;

And picking up each tale and fragment,

For royal MIDAS's green bag meant.

“ And wherefore,” said this best of Peers,

“ Should not the R—G—T too have ears,†

“ To reach as far, as long and wide as

“ Those of his model, good King MIDAS ?”

* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann:—“ *Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice.*”

† Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

“ Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Ane,”

tells us, that “ M. Perrault le Médecin-voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi.” I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

This speech was thought extremely good,
 And (rare for him) was understood—
 Instant we drank “The R—G—T’s Ears,”
 With three times three illustrious cheers,

That made the room resound like thunder—

“The R—G—T’s Ears, and may he ne’er

“From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear

“Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!”*

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
 Made us as merry all as grigs.

In short, (I’ll thank you not to mention

These things again) we get on gaily;

And, thanks to pension and Suspension,

Our little Club increases daily.

* It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
 Who don't as yet full salary touch,
 Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
 Houses and lands, like TOM and I,
 Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*, *
 But merely serve the Club as waiters.
 Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,
 (For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
 When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
 The R—G—T's buff-and-blue coats *turn'd*—
 We have the honour to give dinners
 To the chief Rats in upper stations; †
 Your W——ys, V——NS—half-fledg'd sinners,
 Who shame us by their imitations;
 Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
 Give me the useful *peaching* Rat;

* Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

† This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—"verè dulce sodalitiūm."

Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
 Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
 Who, false enough to shirk their friends,

But too faint-hearted to betray,
 Are, after all their twists and bends,
 But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.

No, no,—we nobler vermin are
 A *genus* useful as we're rare;
 'Midst all the things miraculous

Of which your natural histories brag,
 The rarest must be Rats like us,
 Who *let the cat out of the bag*.

Yet still these Tyros in the cause
 Deserve, I own, no small applause;
 And they're by us receiv'd and treated
 With all due honours—only seated
 In th' inverse scale of their reward,
 The merely *promis'd* next my Lord;

Small pensions then, and so on, down,
 Rat after rat, they graduate
 Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
 To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.
 This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
 The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our female gallery's seldom sat in;
 Your ladies are no friends to ratting.
 Though there, of course, our Patron sends
 Orders "for Lady L—CH and friends,"—
 (Or, as his Lordship in a speech
 Once called her, "DESDEMONA L—CH;"
 A name to which her title's plain—
 "Sir, she can turn and turn again.")
 Our music's good, you may be sure;
 My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—*

* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

Takes every part with perfect ease,

Though to the Base by nature suited,

And, form'd for all, as best may please,

For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,

Turns from his victims to his glees,

And has them both well *executed*.

H——T——D, who, tho' no Rat himself,

Delights in all such liberal arts,

Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,

And superintends the *Corni* parts.

While C—NN—G,* who'd be *first* by choice,

Consents to take an *under* voice;

* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,

"It is time we should part, my dear Sue;

"For *your* character's totally lost,

"And *I* have not sufficient for *two*!"

And G——s,* who well that signal knows,
 Watches the *Volti Subitos*.†

In short, as I've already hinted,
 We take, of late, prodigiously ;
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted
 For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide
 A few *Squireens* ‡ from t'other side ;—
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
 (We often tell the tale with laughter)
 Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,
 Then hang the fools who found them after.
 I doubt not you could find us, too,
 Some Orange Parsons that would do ;

* The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

† *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

‡ The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Among the rest, we've heard of one,
 The Reverend—something—HAMILTON,
 Who stuff'd a figure of himself

(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,
 That couldn't otherwise be got at—
 If *he'll* but join th' Association,
 We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
 This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
 I've gone into this long detail,

Because I saw your nerves were shaken
 With anxious fears lest I should fail

In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
 But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
 We, FUDGES, know what we're about.
 Look round, and say if you can see
 A much more thriving family.

There's JACK, the Doctor—night and day

Hundreds of patients so besiege him,

You'd swear that all the rich and gay

Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.

And while they think, the precious ninnies,

He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,

The rogue but counts how many guineas

He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.

I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,

When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he

Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,

“Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!”

Your dowagers, too, every one,

So gen'rous are, when they call him in,

That he might now retire upon

The rheumatisms of three old women.

Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,

He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—

Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,

Your head-ach is a *hemi-cranium* :—

His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,

The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,

Then bids them—put them in again!

In short, there's nothing now like JACK ;—

Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,

Counsellor TIM ! to thee we bow ;

Not one of us gives more eclat to

Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.

Not to expatiate on the art

With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer ;—

Like one, who, by the way he acts

Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
 The manager's keen eye attracts,
 And is promoted thence by him
 To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM !—
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
 Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
 Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
 (As suits thy calling) in the former—
 Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
 In puzzling all that's clear and right,
 Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
 Improves so with a wig and band on,
 That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
 And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
 Thy patent, prime, morality,—
 Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
 Thy candour, when it falls to thee
 To help in trouncing for a libel ;—

" God knows, I, from my soul, profess
 " 'To hate all bigots and benighters!
 " God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,
 " The sacred Freedom of the Press,
 " My only aim's to—crush the writers."

These are the virtues, TIM, that draw
 The briefs into thy bag so fast;
 And these, oh TIM—if Law be Law—
 Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—
 But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
 How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
 Are all our precious family.
 And, should affairs go on as pleasant
 As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
 Should we but still enjoy the sway

Of S—DM—H and of C———GH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES !

Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right;—

Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
 Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
 And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
 Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
 And all was bright with promise ;—Kings began
 To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
 And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
 Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
 And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
 Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there !

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
 When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
 Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd
 on,

Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone ;—
 That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
 The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,

And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
 Would blush, and deviate into right at last ?
 But no—the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,
 Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare ;
 Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
 The only *quite* untameable are Kings !
 Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
 The instinct of their race broke out anew ;
 Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
 And “ Rapine !—rapine ! ” was the cry again.
 How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,
 Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell,—
 Let all the human stock that, day by day,
 Was at that Royal slave-mart truck'd away,—
 The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
 Were split to fractions,* barter'd, sold, or given

* “ Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws ; but

'To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
 And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more!
 How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;—
 Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,—
 Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
 With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain—
 Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own
 He thank'd not France but England for his throne—
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
 And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
 Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
 To tread down every trophy of her fame,
 And curse that glory which to them was shame!—

by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c.—Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
 Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
 With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to
 spare

The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
 Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—
 France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
 Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
 Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
 NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,
 Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright;—
 To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
 And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;—

To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
 And make the stake of *all* the game of *one* !
 Then would the world have seen again what power
 A people can put forth in Freedom's hour ;
 Then would the fire of France once more have
 blaz'd ;—

For every single sword, reluctant rais'd
 In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
 Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own ;
 And never, never had th' unholy stain
 Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again !

But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial Bird,
 That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
 Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
 Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring ;—
 Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that
 made
 His own transgressions whiten in their shade ;

Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
 By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more :—
 Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
 From steeple on to steeple* wing'd its flight,
 With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
 From which a Royal craven just had flown;
 And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
 Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
 Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
 Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
 By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!
 Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—
 “ Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
 “ The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!”

* “ L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame.”—Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

“ Faithless ! ”—and this from *you*—from *you*, for-
sooth,

Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried ;
Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side ;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy !
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong—
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state ;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and “ outlaw ” is the cry !
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves ;

Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what
then?

A Holy League would set all straight again ;
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new !*
Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share ;
Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*, †
And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations ! ‡
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to th' ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,

* Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse fingitur.

† At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

‡ The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
 O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head !
 Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought repeats
 But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats ;
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
 Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows !
 And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy
 As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
 Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C——GH,
 In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way !

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
 Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits ;—
 Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON's life,
 In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife !
 Disgusting crew !—*who* would not gladly fly
 To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,
 To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,

From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
 Their canting crimes and varnish'd villainies ;—
 These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
 Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them
 most ;

From whose affection men should shrink as loath
 As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both ;
 Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name
 To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
 Call down the Holy Trinity* to bless
 Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness !

* The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn " thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles ;" and commanded that each of them should " swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour !"

But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—
So, here I pause—farewell—another day
Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S* mending
my stays,—

Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these
days,

And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—

* An English tailor at Paris.

Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautical phrase,
 “ D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling* the *Cape* you’ve
miss’d stays.”*

So, of course, as no gentleman’s seen out without
 them,

They’re now at the Schneider’s†—and, while he’s
 about them,

Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—

Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?

Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as

Man ever would wish a day’s lounging upon ;

With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,

Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun

With its houses of all architectures you please,

From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK, down by degrees

To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese ;

* A ship is said to *miss stays*, when she does not obey the helm
 in tacking.

† The dandy term for a tailor.

Where in temples antique you may breakfast or
dinner it,

Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.

Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,

Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,

Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows
whether

'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together !

And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees

Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under
trees ;

Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the bar-
ber's,

Enjoying their news and *groseille** in those arbours,

* "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
 And founts of red currant-juice* round them are
 purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
 And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—
 For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've
 wasted our wealth

And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves
 into a phthisic,
 To cram down their throats an old King for their
 health,

As we whip little children to make them take
 physic ;—

Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,
 They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water !

* These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they
nourish us

Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—

Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés*?

And, truly, I always declar'd 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick—and the *people*, I
own,

If for no other cause than their curst monkey
looks,

Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their
Cooks!

As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole
lineage,

For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to
spinage;

But think, DICK, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind!

What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

Their chronometerspits—their intense salamanders—
 Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
 All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle** bubbling no more!
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,

Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—

But leave them, oh leave them their Perigord pies,
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny! †

* “Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons.”
 —Alman. de Gourmands, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

† Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon.

Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
 Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?*

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
 "Coquin Anglais," et cæ't'ra—how generous I am!
 And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
 Which will take us all night to get through in this
 way)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a
 street,

Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
 Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
 And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—

"La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets."—Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

* The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoît en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—*there*, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
use)—

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—

St. TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While *there* St. VENECIA* sits hemming and frilling
her

Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
Saint AUSTIN's the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got—next to
none!

* Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

† St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The

Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *af-
fiches*—

Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,)
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas**
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hol-
landais,†

That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—TT,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot ;

mot of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known :—" Je le
crois bien ; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."

* Off the Boulevards Italiens.

† In the Palais Royal ; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so
long celebrated for the *meilleux* of his Gaufres.

Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—

Divinemaresquino, which—Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
 To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
 Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners.
 And here, DICK—in answer to one of your queries,

About which we, Gourmands, have had much
 discussion—

I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and
 Ruggieri's,
 And think, for *digestion*,* there's none like the
 Russian;

* Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them “une médecine aérienne, cou-

So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old L—s D—x—

H—T,

And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd
lampreys,*

So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've
found them,

That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,

leur de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully :

Memoranda—The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys* be foiled of their prey!

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch—but woa! my lad—here comes the
Schneider,

And, curse him, has made the stays three inches
wider—

Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!
But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by—
As we've MASSINOT's† eloquent *carte* to eat still
up,

An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

* They killed Henry I. of England:—"a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

† A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,
 That my life, like “the Leap of the German,” *
 may be,
 “Du lit à la table, d’la table au lit!”

R. F.

* An old French saying;—“Faire le saut de l’Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.”

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT

C—ST——GH.

MY Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day,

“ I shall in all my best obey.”

Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly !

And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—

Oh ! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering ;

Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,

Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering :—

Nothing, of course, that can compare
 With his who made the Congress stare,
 (A certain Lord we need not name)

Who, ev'n in French, would have his trope,
 And talk of "*batir un système*

" *Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe!*"

Sweet metaphor!—and then th' Epistle,

Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,

That tender letter to "*Mon Prince,*" *

Which show'd alike thy French and sense;—

Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do

Or say *un-English* things like you ;

And, if the *schemes* that fill thy breast

Could but a vent congenial seek,

And use the tongue that suits them best,

What charming Turkish would'st thou speak !

* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
 At Congress never born to stammer,
 Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
 Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD's gram-
 mar—

Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
 How far a little French will go ;
 For all one's stock, one need but draw
 On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha !

They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps

I sent you from my Journal lately,
 (Enveloping a few lac'd caps

For Lady C.) delight me greatly.

Her flattering speech—" what pretty things
 One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"

Is praise which (as some poet sings)
 Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
 A few more extracts by a friend ;
 And I should hope they'll be no less
 Approv'd of than my last MS.—
 The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
 As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them ;
 But these will come to hand, at least
 Unrumped, for—there's nothing in them.

*Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to
 Lord C.*

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,*
 Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend

* This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of

Of Discord here full riot ran,

He, like the rest, was guillotined ;—

But that when, under BONEY's reign,

(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)

The heads were all restor'd again,

He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.

Accordingly, he still cries out

This strange head fits him most unpleasantly ;

And always runs, poor dev'l, about,

Inquiring for his own incessantly !

While to his case a tear I dropt,

And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods !

How many heads might thus be swopp'd,

And, after all, not make much odds !

For instance, there's V—S—TT—T's head—

(“ *Tam carum*” * it may well be said)

those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

* *Tam cari capitis*.—HORAT.

If by some curious chance it came
 To settle on BILL SOAMES's * shoulders,
 Th' effect would turn out much the same
 On all respectable cash-holders :
 Except that while, in its *new* socket,
 The head was planning schemes to win
 A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
 The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead
 Of his own grave, respected head,
 Might wear (for aught I see that bars)

Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S—
 So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,

The head might lisp out. "What is trumps?"—
 The R—G—T's brains could we transfer
 To some robust man-milliner,

* A celebrated pickpocket.

The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
 Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on ;
 And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
 To give the P—CE the shopman's brains,
 One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so !

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord ;
 And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
 I found myself, before I snor'd,
 Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
 At length I thought, fantastic elf !
 How such a change would suit *myself*.
 'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
 With various pericraniums saddled,
 At last I tried your Lordship's on,
 And then I grew completely addled—
 Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em !
 And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM !

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same *
NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!

Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!

When LOUIS seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"

Are much the same they us'd to be?

However,—God preserve the Throne,

And *cushion* too—and keep them free

From accidents, which *have* been known

To happen ev'n to Royalty! †

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. 'This war upon the bees is, of course, universal' "exitium misère apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil:—but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

† I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—

Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)

'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,

A monarch's *fat's* a serious matter ;

And once in every year, at least,

He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter : *

Then, if a pound or two he be

Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee ! †

* "The 3rd day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."—*F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat*, &c.

† "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a

Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
 To treat such things with levity—
 But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
 Were made thus an affair of state;
 And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—

'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
 Heavy and dull enough, God knows—

We were to try how heavy *he* is.
 Much would it glad all hearts to hear
 That, while the Nation's Revenue
 Loses so many pounds a year,

The P——E, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,

I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
 But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,

We should throw in much *heavier* things:

superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable."—
Oriental Field Sports.

For instance —————'s quarto volumes,
 Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie ST—DD—T's Daily columns,
 "Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
 Letters, that C—RTW——T's pen indites,
 In which, with logical confusion,
 The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
 And never comes to a *Conclusion* :—
 Lord S—M—RS' pamphlet—or his head—
 (Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
 Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
 The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—X H—PP—SLY;
 That Baronet of many words,
 Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
 To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
 Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
 That you may always know him by
 A patch of powder on his nose!—

If this won't do, we in must cram
 The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;
 (A Book his Lordship means to write,
 Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting :")
 Or, should these prove too small and light,
 His ——'s a host—we'll bundle *that* in!
 And, *still* should all these masses fail
 To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,
 Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
 Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
 The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—
 If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome,*

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—"qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea cele-

Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us,*

Informing gentlemen, at home.

But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,

To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!

What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,

Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—

'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to

All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.

'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,

And deal in perj'ry—*ditto* TIB's.

'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid

His rogues from justice †—*ditto* SID.

brem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt.”—Tacit.
Annal. I, 74.

* They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents:—“*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) *libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*”

† “*Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, quem odium publicum tu-*

'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—*ditto* TIB. *

'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did ;
Were in his dotage—*ditto* SID.

So far, I own, the parallel

'Twixt TIB and SID goes vastly well ;

But there are points in TIB that strike

My humble mind as much more like

*Yoursel*f, my dearest Lord, or him

Of th' India Board—that soul of whim !

tiorem faciebat. Nam ut quis districtior accusator velut sacrosanctus erat." Annal. Lib. 4, 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This daring accuser had the *curses* of the people, and the *protection* of the Emperor. Informers, in proportion as they rose in guilt, became *sacred characters*."

* Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a good *private* character:—"egregiam vitâ famâque quoad privatus."

Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke, *

On matters, too, where few can bear one ;

E. g. a man, cut up, or broke

Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!

Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,

Are nothing to such wholesale wits ;

But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,

The joke is then worth any money ;

And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—

Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.

In this respect, my Lord, you see

The Roman wag and ours agree :

Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—

This parallel we need not follow ; †

* “ *Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus.*”

† There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—“ *suspensa semper et obscura verba.*”

Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
 Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow ;
 Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
 For me to mention or discuss ;
 Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
 PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus* !

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
 Up any decent kind of Plot
 Against the winter-time—if not,
 Alas, alas, our ruin's fated ;
 All done up, and *spiflicated* !
 Ministers and all their vassals,
 Down from C—TL——GH to CASTLES,—
 Unless we can kick up a riot,
 Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet !

What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;

But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never

Keep ammunition in old stockings ;
For fear some wag should in his curst head
Take it to say our force was *worsted*.

Mem. too—when *SID.* an army raises,
It must not be “incog.” like *Bayes's* :
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling ;

Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,*

A *Wellington's* great soul within !
Nor must an old Apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,

* Short boots, so called.

With (what these wags would call, so merry)

Physical force and *phial*-ence !

No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be

Next time contriv'd more skilfully.

John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing

So troublesomely sharp and knowing,

So wise—in short, so Jacobin—

'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador

In China, and was sorely nettled ;

But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er

Till all this matter's fairly settled ;

And here's the mode occurs to *me* :—

As none of our Nobility

(Though for their *own* most gracious King

They would kiss hands, or—any thing)

Can be persuaded to go through
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou* ;
 And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,

Without some mumming exhibition,
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send

GRIMALDI to them on a mission :
 As Legate JOE could play his part,
 And if, in diplomatic art,
 The “*volto sciolto*” * ’s meritorious,
 Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious !

A *title* for him ’s easily made ;

And, by the by, one Christmas time,
 If I remember right, he play’d

Lord MORLEY in some pantomime ;—†

* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

† Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of “ Lord Morley ” in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished

As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,

If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.

(And why should not the world be blest

With *two* such stars, for East and West?)

Then, when before the Yellow Screen

He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene

Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!—

He thus should say :—“ Duke Ho and Soo,

“ I'll play what tricks you please for you,

“ If you'll, in turn, but do for me

“ A few small tricks you now shall see.

“ If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,

“ At least you'll do the same for *my* King.”

He then should give them nine such grins,

As would astound ev'n Mandarins ;

Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H-rr-s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span-new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

And throw such somersets before

The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)
 As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
 Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
 But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
 And, should you follow up the job,
 My son, my Lord, (you *know* poor BOB)
 Would in the suite be glad to go
 And help his Excellency, JOE;—
 At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
 The lad' will do to *practise* on. *

* See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WELL, it *is* n't the King, after all, my dear creature!
 But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to
 quiz in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
 He *might* be a King, DOLL, though, hang him,
 he is n't.

At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
 If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE,—

(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's
here,

Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere, *
While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)

But says Pa, after deeply consid'ring the thing,

"I am just as well pleas'd it should *not* be the King;

"As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,

"Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way
fetch,

"That a Brandenburgh"—(what is a Brandenburgh,

DOLLY?)—

"Would be, after all, no such very great catch.

"If the R—G—T indeed—" added he, looking sly—

(You remember that comical squint of his eye)

* See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

But I stopped him with “ La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
 “ When the R—G—T loves none but old women,
 you know !”

Which is fact, my dear DOLLY—we, girls of eighteen,
 And so slim—Lord, he’d think us not fit to be seen ;
 And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
 As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I’ve been told
 That she liv’d to much more than a hundred and ten,
 And was kill’d by a fall from a cherry-tree then !
 What a frisky old girl ! but—to come to my lover,
 Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I’ll swear,—
 You shall hear all that’s happen’d, just briefly run
 over,

Since that happy night, when we whisk’d through
 the air !

Let me see—’twas on Saturday—yes, DOLLY, yes—
 From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss ;

When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
 Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Marriage,
 “ Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
 “ And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly !” *

Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
 And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
 With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet
 I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HUIT
 Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
 Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Roi*—
 And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
 Than vulgar Pall-Mall’s oratorio of hisses !

The gardens seem’d full—so, of course, we walk’d
 o’er ’em,

’Mong orange-trees, clipp’d into town-bred decorum,
 And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
 There staring, with not ev’n a stitch on them, at you !

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
 To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
 “*Live bullion,*” says merciless BOB, “which, I think,
 “Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be
 delicious !”

But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove,
 Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love ?
 In vain did I wildly explore every chair
 Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sate there !
 In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
 At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
 To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
 But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
 As the lock that, Pa says, * is to Mussulmen giv'n,
 For the angel to hold by that “lugs them to heaven !”—

* For this scrap of knowledge “Pa” was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his “Down with Kings,”

Alas, there went by me full many a quizz,
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his !
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out “ well-a-
 day,”—

Thought of the words of T—M M—RE’s Irish Melody,
 Something about the “ green spot of delight,” *

(Which, you know, Captain MACINTOSH sung to
 us one day) :

Ah DOLLY, *my* “ spot” was that Saturday night,
 And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither’d by
 Sunday !

&c. The note in Volney is as follows :—“ It is by this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise.”

* The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines :—

Oh that fairy form is ne’er forgot,
 Which First Love trac’d ;
 Still it ling’ring haunts the greenest spot
 On Memory’s waste !

We din'd at a tavern—La, what do I say?

If BOB was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear;
 Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
 And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
 Fine BOB (for he's really grown *super-fine*)

Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
 Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,

And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.
 Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,
 I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;
 And BOB, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite—*

“ My sighs,” said he, “ ceas'd with the first glass
 I drank you;

“ The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
 “ And—now that's all o'er—why, I'm—pretty
 well, thank you!”

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
 For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate

About singing and cookery—BOBBY, of course,
 Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
 And Pa saying, “ God only knows which is worst,
 “ The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well
 over it—

“ What with old LAÏS and VE’RY, I’m curst
 “ If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!”

’Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
 And in vain did I look ’mong the street Macaronis;
 When, sudden, it struck me—last hope of my soul—
 That some angel might take the dear man to
 TORTONI’S!*

We enter’d—and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,
 For a *grappe à la jardiniere* call’d to the waiters,
 When, oh DOLL! I saw him—my hero was there,
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown
 leather gaiters)

* A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,*
 And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
 Oh DOLLY, these heroes—what creatures they are!

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
 As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,

As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant-water!
 He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my extasy—
 Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
 BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,
 But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
 And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
 Were, to *him*, “on de top of all Ponch in de world.”—
 How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
 Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL,
 to me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
 And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,

* “You eat your ice at Tortoni's,” says Mr. Scott, “under a Grecian group.”

That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
 We all would set off, in French buggies, together,
 To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
 Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
 His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creas'd—
 But 'twas CALICOT—something—a Colonel, at least!
 After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
 Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
 Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
 A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—"how do you
 do!"*

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vext—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
 That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly drest,
 And—so providential!—was looking my best;

* Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my
frills,

You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the
bills)

And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear.

Then the flow'rs in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good by, my sweet DOLL—I shall soon write
again. B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice !
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on NAPOLEON's single brow ;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way !

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
 Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates ;
 When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
 As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,*
 Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
 Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
 Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
 Through your best blood his path of vengeance back ;
 When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd
 But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
 Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
 Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
 Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more,
 And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
 The world yet left one chance for liberty!—

* See Ælian, Lib. 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese,
 from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount
 Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle
 from betraying them to the eagles—*διακρίτουσι σιμωπτις*.

No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
 Of bondage round your Chief ; to curb and fret
 Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
 When every hope was in his speed and might—
 To waste the hour of action in dispute,
 And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
 When your Invader's axe was at the *root* !
 No, sacred Liberty ! that God, who throws
 Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
 How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—
 Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
 I would have followed, with quick heart and hand,
 NAPOLEON, NERO—ay, no matter whom—
 To snatch my country from that damning doom,
 That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
 A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates !

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
 Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
 Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
 Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
 But rais'd the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
 With tortoises aloft into the sky—
 To dash them down again more shatteringly !

* All this I own—but still

* * *

* * * * *

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time ; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

AT last, DOLLY,—thanks to a potent emetic,
 Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
 Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
 Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—
 I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
 To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
 How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
 Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
 If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE'S
 Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.

But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme *I* pursue ;
 With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do—
 Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies
 Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
 Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at *his* do the same ;
 Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
 If I knew but the French for it, “ Lord, Sir, for
 shame ! ”

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
 For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—
 Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
 It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
 Though late when we started, the scent of the air
 Was like GATTIE'S rose-water—and, bright, here
 and there,

On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
 Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!

And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the
boughs,

As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse ;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose* ;
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency !

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we
started,

The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted ;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob !
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB ;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY's—
Serv'd with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were
cronies—

So martial his features ! dear DOLL, you can trace
 Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
 As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,*
 Which the poor Duc DE B—RI must hate so to pass !
 It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
 About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
 For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
 He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C——GH;
 And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
 Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one !

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade ;
 'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
 And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
 Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd ;
 And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
 All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUS-
 SEAU !—

* The column in the Place Vendome.

“ ’Twas there,” said he—not that his *words* I can
state—

’Twas a glibb’rish that Cupid alone could translate;—
But “ there,” said he (pointing where, small and
remote,

The dear Hermitage rose), “ there his JULIE he
wrote,—

“ Upon paper gilt-edg’d,* without blot or erasure;

“ Then sanded it over with silver and azure,

“ And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—

“ Tied the leaves up together with *nompaille* blue!”

What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emo-
tions

From sand and blue ribbons are conjur’d up here!

* “ Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l’écriture avec de la poudre d’azur et d’argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la *nompaille* bleue.”—*Les Confessions*, Part 2, liv. 9.

Alas, that a man of such exquisite* notions
 Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my
 dear !

“ 'Twas here, too, perhaps,” Colonel CALICOT said—
 As down the small garden he pensively led—
 (Though once I could see his sublime forehead
 wrinkle
 With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle)†

* This word, “exquisite,” is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

“ I'd fain praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it
 When *I* cry out “Exquisite,” *Echo* cries “*quiz it?*”

† The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, “Ah, voilà de la pervenche!”

“ ’Twas here he receiv’d from the fair D’EPINAY,
 “ (Who call’d him so sweetly *her Bear*,* every day,)
 “ That dear flannel petticoat, pull’d off to form
 “ A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm !” †

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder’d,
 As, full of romance, through that valley we wander’d.
 The flannel (one’s train of ideas, how odd it is !)
 Led us to talk about other commodities,
 Cambric, and silk, and—I ne’er shall forget,
 For the sun was then hast’ning in pomp to its set,

* “ *Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle——et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?”——&c. &c.

† “ Un jour, qu’il geloit très fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu’elle m’envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d’Angleterre, qu’elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu’ amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon.”

And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
 When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my
 gown?

The question confus'd me—for, DOLL, you must know,
 And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
 That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ*
 That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI,
 But am forc'd, dear, to have VICTORINE, who—
 deuce take her!—

It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
 I mean *of his party*—and, though much the smartest,
 LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.†

* Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived
 in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi*."

† LE ROI, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa,
 is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her
 station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well
 knowing

The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glow-
 ing ;

I stammer'd out something—nay, even half nam'd .

The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,

“ Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen

“ It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, VICTO-
 RINE !”

What a word for a hero !—but heroes *will* err,

And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.

Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,

I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,

And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,

The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo

us,—

The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—

That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
 And what BOB calls the "Twopenny-Post of the
 Eyes"——

Ah DOLL! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
 To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.
 They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
 By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
 Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for BOB, my dear DOLLY,
 Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
 Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
 And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
 Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for *there* is,"
 Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the VÉ'RYs! *

* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—"Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles*."

“ Long, long have I wish’d, as a votary true,

“ O’er the grave of such talents to utter my moans ;

“ And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue

“ For the *flesh* of the VÉRYS—I’ll visit their *bones* !”

He insists upon *my* going with him—how teasing !

This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie

Unseal’d in my draw’r, that, if any thing pleasing

Occurs while I’m out, I may tell you—good bye.

B. F.

Four o’Clock.

Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I’m ruin’d for ever—

I ne’er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never !

To think of the wretch—what a victim was I !

’Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—

My brain’s in a fever—my pulses beat quick—

I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick !

Oh, what do you think ? after all my romancing,

My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,

This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
 This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
 'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
 (You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
 For some little gift on my birth-day—September
 The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
 That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
 (Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)
 To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
 Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my
 love,—
 (The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the
 price—
 And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
 Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
 But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should
 drop—

There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a
doubt—

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him
stand,

With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,

And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!

Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—

'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a “Brandenburgh,”
dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,

And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,

As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—

To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!

My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I believe,

But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—

I fell back on BOB—my whole heart seem'd to wither—

And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,
 With cruel facetiousness said—"curse the Kiddy!
 "A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought
 him,
 "But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be
 known

To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!

What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with
 the men!

It will spread through the country—and never, oh,
 never

Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!

Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I fear—

And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend

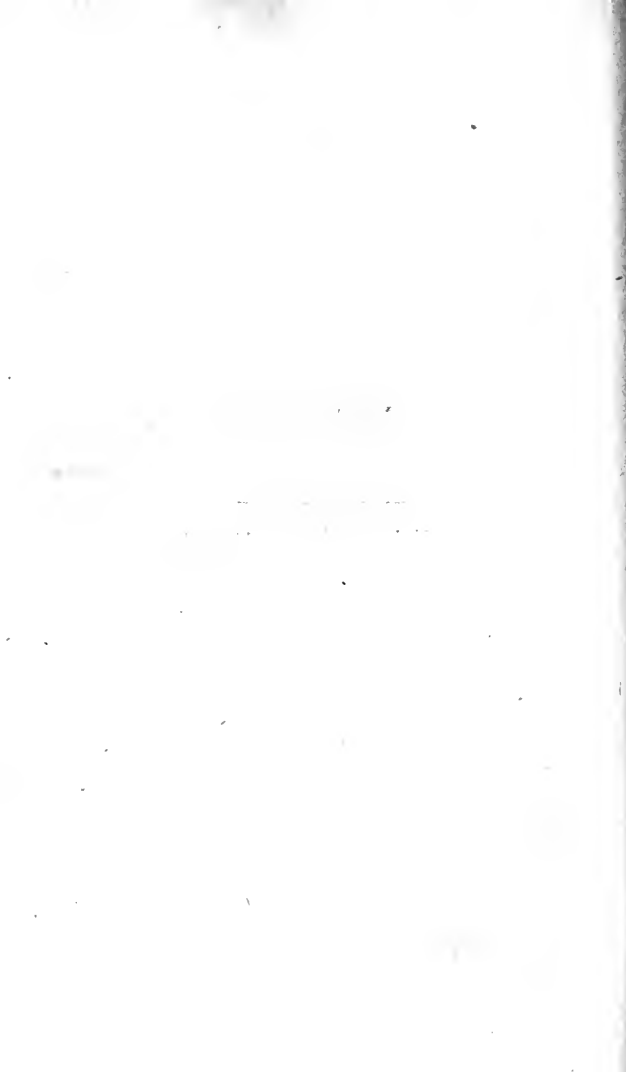
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I'm sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

NOTES.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

SHAKSPEARE.



NOTES.

Page 16.

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily.

It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-carrying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 24.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism*? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—"Athenm interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the *Epigraphe* which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the *Anacreontics* of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαυ, Τειν, Τεαυαυ.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοῖς, Δεῶν τε πατρὶ
 Ἐν χρυσεοῖς σκυφοῖσι
 Δίδοι το νεκταρ Ἥβη.
 Σε μοι διακονοῖντο
 Σκυφοῖς ἐν μυρρινοῖσι,
 Τῷ καλλεῖ πρέπασαι
 Καλαῖς χερεσσὶ κῆραι.

Which may be thus translated.

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
 High in heav'n her Nectar hold,
 And to Jove's immortal throng
 Pour the tide in cups of gold—
 I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
 While, with snowy hands, for me,
 KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
 And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 36.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names—he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. &c. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles

James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c. &c.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo

Me vituperas? Fur.*

Plautus, *Aulular.* Act 2. Scene 4.

Page 42.

The Testament, turn'd into melodrames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the *Gazette de France*, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the *Théâtre de la Gaité* every evening to see the *Passage of the Red Sea*."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-dramas at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz."

Page 59.

Turns from his victims to his glees,

And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that antient people of Etruria, who, as Aris-

* *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

totle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 64.

Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says

Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui l'*attache au rivage!*

Epit. 4.

Page 90.

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "*scientia popinæ*,"* I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic line*; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "*de re cibariâ*" instead; and has left *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Agrippa* and his little dog, *Filiolus*, for *Apicius*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

* Seneca.

Page 90.

Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them,—See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. 3. chap. 2.

Page 117.

“Live bullion,” says merciless Bob, “which I think

“Would, if coin'd with a little mint sauce, be delicious!”

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the “*jus Verrinum*,” which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious:—“*In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit condimentum, quo sapiant aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum.*”—*de Civitat. Dei, Lib. 16. cap. 30.*—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun.

Plus juscella Coci quam mea jura valent.

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar. Latin.* Tom. 2. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him—"summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi sola places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* Lib. 2. cap. 2.

Page 120.

*Upon singing and cookery, Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force.*

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon*; (see his *Natural History, Receipts, &c.*) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart*.—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." *Philosophical Essays.*

The following occasional pieces have already appeared in my friend Mr. PERRY's paper, and are here, "by desire of several persons of distinction," reprinted.

T. B.

Feb. 1. 1845



LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P—RC—V—L.

IN the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend ;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend !

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd
him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,

'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,

His years might have roll'd inoffensive away ;
His children might still have been bless'd with his
love,
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with
his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir ;

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "*FUM, The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

A FRAGMENT.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,
 Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,
 In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
 Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit.—
 Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in
 nation,
 (The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation)

Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,
 Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
 'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord

C—STL——GH ;

While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
 Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee !
 So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did
 light on

The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
 The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the
 dome

Were so like what he left, “ Gad,” says FUM,
 “ I'm at home.”—

And when, turning, he saw Bishop L——GE,
 “ Zooks, it is,”

Quoth the Bird, “ yes—I know him—a Bonze, by
 his phyz—

“ And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
 “ Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat
 Fo!”

It chanc'd, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
 Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,*
 Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,
 And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
 Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
 That, while FUM cried “ oh Fo!” all the Court
 cried “ oh fie!”

But, a truce to digression—these Birds of a feather
 Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together :
 (The P——E just in bed, or about to depart for't,
 His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ——,)

* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R——l H——ss.

“ I say, HUM,” says FUM—FUM, of course, spoke
Chinese,

But, bless you, that’s nothing—at Brighton one
sees

Foreign lingoers and Bishops *translated* with ease—

“ I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now ?

“ Is it *up* ? is it *prime* ? is it *spooney*—or how ?”

(The Bird had just taken a flash-man’s degree

Under B——E, Y——TH, and young Master
L——)

“ As for us in Pekin’”—here, a dev’l of a din

From the bed-chamber came, where that long Man-
darin,

C—STL——GH (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of
Prose)

Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe’s repose

To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol’s nose !

(*Nota bene*—his Lordship and L—V—RP—L come,
 In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,
 C—STL——GH a HUM-bug—L—V—RP—L a HUM-
 drum.)

The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—STL—GH,
 Saddled HUM in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away!
 Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
 Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

* * * * *

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibus placuisse viris.—HORAT.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave ;—
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his
grave !

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
 To think what a long line of titles may follow
 The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
 Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and
 sorrow :—

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness
 cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
 With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;—

No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
 Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence
 mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou
 hast—

All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from
 thee at last,
 And which found all his wants at an end, was
 return'd !*

“ Was *this* then the fate ! ”—future ages will say,
 When *some* names shall live but in history's curse ;
 When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
 Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse ;—

* The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when Sh-r-d-n
 could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by
 his friends.

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
 “ The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
 “ The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
 “ Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
 of all !

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
 “ From the finest and best of all other men’s
 powers ;—
 “ Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
 “ And could call up its sunshine, or bring down
 its showers !

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
 “ Play’d round every subject, and shone as it
 play’d ;—
 “ Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 “ Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

“ Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
 “ Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
 “ Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
 “ As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
 Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
 And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve !

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ; *
 Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland*.

EPISTLE

FROM

TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.*

“Ahi, mio BEN!”—METASTASIO. †

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go*?—kick a man when he’s down!
When the foe has knock’d under, to tread on him
then—

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
“Foul! foul!” all the lads of the fancy exclaim—

* Written soon after Bonaparte’s transportation to St. Helena.

† Tom, I suppose, was “assisted” to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits
flame—

And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY cries “shame!”

Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
’Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side ;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and
eating)

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating—
But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign
notions,

Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and
lotions ;

Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin** is worth the whole lot !)

Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes, what a
brood !

A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them
good !)

* Gin.

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old
porpoise,

Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus* ;

And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad !

Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page !—
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all
round,

You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground !
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got
any—

Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd* * him to
Botany !

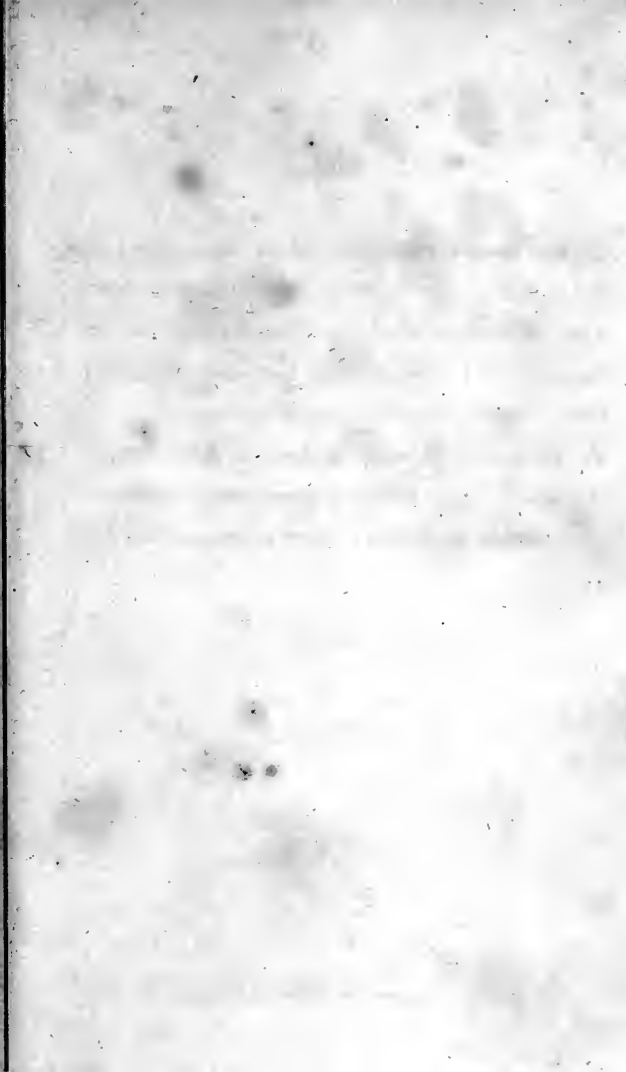
Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger* ! † you, who, alas !
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,

* Transported.

† A Life Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
 When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,
 Look down upon BEN—see him, *dunghill* all o'er,
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more ;
 Out, cowardly *spooney* !—again and again,
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN.
 'To *shew the white feather* is many men's doom,
 But, what of *one feather*?—BEN shows a *whole Plume*.

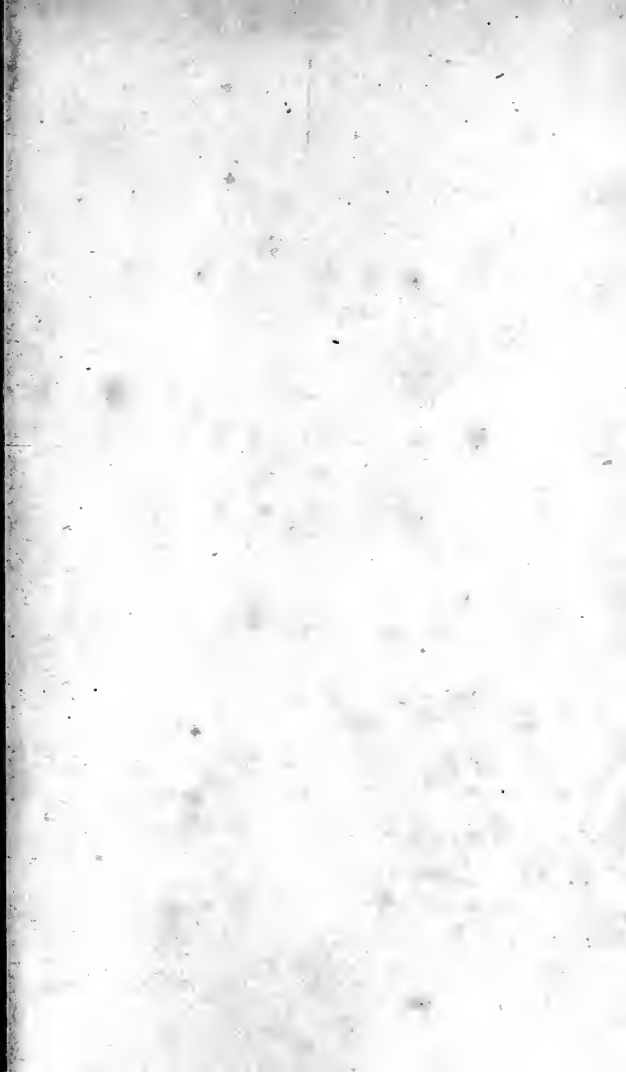
THE END.













PR
5054
I6
1818

Moore, Thomas
Intercepted letters

FOR USE IN
LIBRARY ONLY

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

SEEN BY RT
PRESERVATION
SERVICE

DATE SEP...T...2...5...86

NOT WANTED IN RBSC

ACCOMPANIED BY
PHASE BOX

